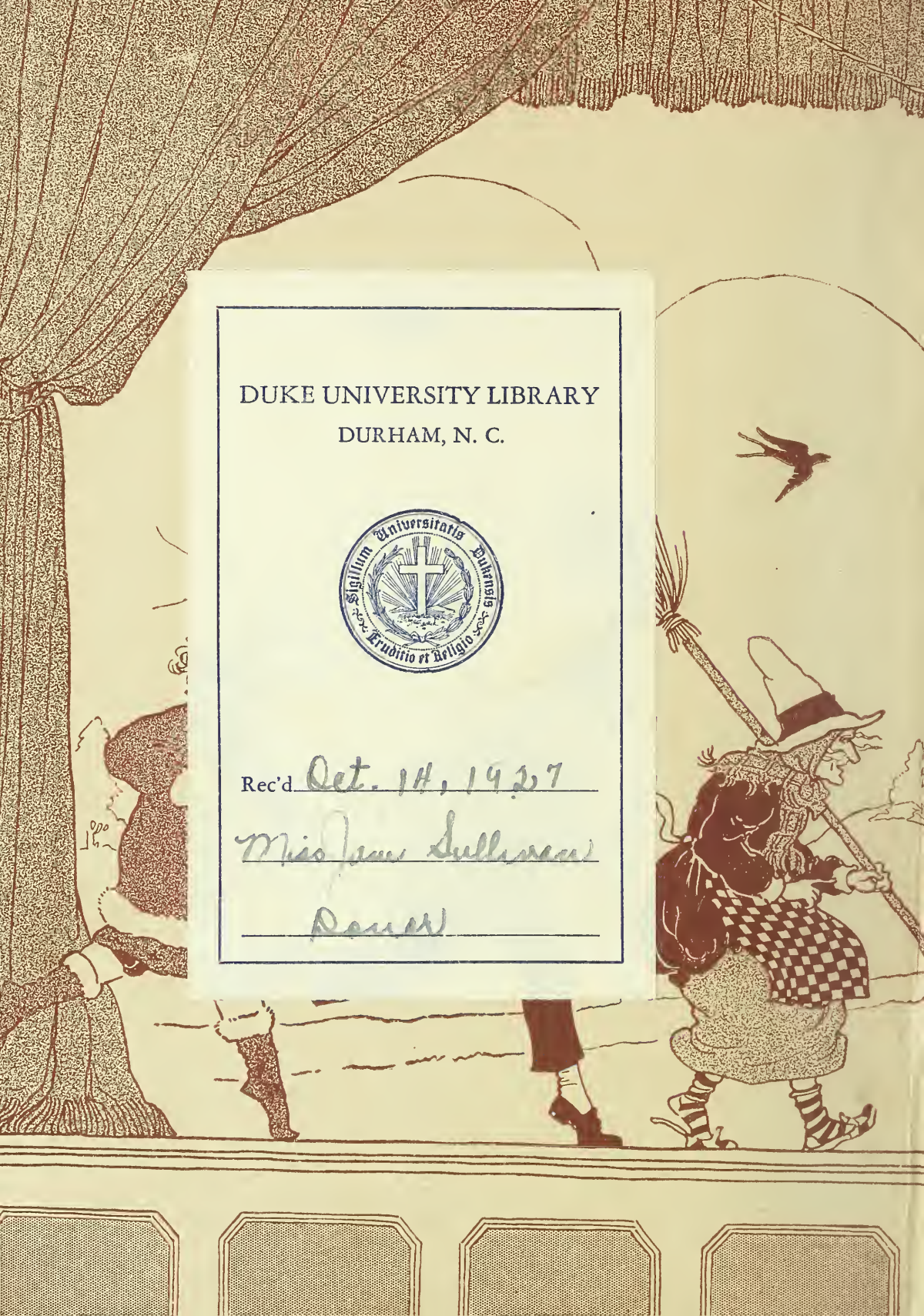
CHILD-LIBRARY READERS

BOOK THREE



ELSON EXTENSION SERIES



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THE ELSON EXTENSION SERIES

CHILD-LIBRARY READERS

BOOK THREE

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PREFACE

General Plan of the Book. The *Child-Library Readers, Book Three,* is planned to provide abundant material, rich in interest, for extending the literature course of the third grade. Schools using *The Elson Readers, Book Three,* will appreciate the total absence of duplicated selections in the present volume. Moreover, the fresh, unhackneyed nature of the literature insures a minimum of duplicated material if this book is used to extend the reading course of any basal text.

The stories and poems of the book are grouped into six Parts dealing with related themes, to insure lasting impression. A glance at the Table of Contents will show the extreme care used in providing a balanced variety of appeal.

Aids to Pupils. An effective school reader must contain definite features that make it a serviceable *tool for classroom use.* The following detailed helps to the pupil insure his gaining the fullest benefit from the literature of the text:

(1) Provisions for efficient silent reading (see pages 4-6);

(2) A plan of study (see "How to Enjoy Your Reading," pages 26 and 27) that trains the pupil from the first to make intelligent use of the helpful devices of the book;

(3) A carefully selected Glossary, that gives the meaning and pronunciation of words and phrases, trains in alphabetical arrangement, and lays a foundation for the dictionary habit;

(4) Simple directions at the beginning of the various selections, that serve to give definite purpose to the child's reading;

(5) "Helps to Study" (see pages 297-312), which include questions to test ability in silent reading, as well as directions and questions that suggest pupil-activities, connecting the reading with life-situations of the children;

(6) A suggested list of outside readings (see pages 313, 314, and selections cited throughout the "Helps to Study");

(7) The many carefully planned pictures, that not only add beauty to the text, but also aid the child to visualize the keynote situations of the various story-plots.

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Provisions for Silent Reading in the Child-Library Series

The authors of the *Elson Readers* and the *Child-Library* series believe that skill in silent reading is a fundamental part of all reading power, rather than a specialized skill to be grafted on to general reading abilities by means of some isolated process, through the use of specialized texts and equipment.

They believe, therefore, that training in silent reading should be constantly and intimately interwoven with the entire school reading program—whether cultural or informational, whether basal or supplementary.

To accomplish this purpose, the authors have developed in the *Child-Library* series a systematic plan for securing silent reading power, enlarging and extending the foundational work of the *Elson Readers*. This sustained, carefully-graded provision for skill in silent reading avoids the danger of devoting undue time to specialized work at *some one point* in the course, and distorting the general values of reading.

The systematic effort in the *Child-Library* series to secure rapid and thought-getting silent reading is based upon three somewhat distinct steps that vary the method of attack to fit the increasing age and ability of the pupils.

(1) **For Primer, Book One, and Book Two.** In the beginning stages, the child's thought-getting power can be successfully tested only if the reading material consists of words previously known to him. To meet this situation, the first three volumes of the series provide at frequent intervals special silent-reading stories entirely composed of words that have appeared in earlier selections. When the pupil has read independently and silently each thought-unit of these stories, a question in the text provides an immediate test of his comprehension. The span of the thought-units covered by these questions is gradually increased from *Primer* to *Book Two*, in such a way as to keep pace with the natural growth of the child's reading ability. For detailed explanation of this plan, see *Primer*, pages 5, 142, 143; *Book One*, pages 5, 170, 171; and *Book Two*, page 5.

(2) **For Books Three and Four.** The second of these steps is found in the third and fourth books of the series, where a simple plan lays a foundation for training pupils to vary their method and rate of silent reading to fit the character of the literature. The plan is based upon the following facts:

Need for Different Kinds of Skills. Recent studies by leading authorities point out very clearly that silent-reading efficiency calls not only for different kinds of skills, but also for varying rates of speed. For example, factual material, such as pupils encounter in nature-science, history, or geography, requires a higher degree of concentration than is necessary for fairy tales and stories of adventure; obviously, these two types of literature demand different *methods* of reading and different *rates.* For an authoritative discussion of the distinction between "work-type and recreational reading," see *The Twenty-Fourth Yearbook* of the National Society for the Study of Education, Part I, pages 5-7, 50, 52, 56, 59, etc.

Danger of Confusion. The teaching of silent reading, according to present practice, too often aims at developing only *one* standard rate for each grade. For example, pupils in the fourth year are frequently trained to acquire a speed of about 150 words per minute, *for all kinds of reading material.* Such training seems likely to lead to inefficient habits; for the given rate of 150 words cannot fit equally well both "work-type" and "recreational" material. If *one* rate, only, is standardized, the pupil will either read factual material too rapidly for a mastery of its content, or else will dwell too long on stories of the fairy-tale type.

A Plan for Developing Two Skills and Two Rates. The third and fourth books of this series offer a definite method for training pupils to vary their rate and their method according to the nature of the material. The plan provides the following features:

(1) Two main types of literature have been selected: (*a*) stories of adventure, humor, fairyland, etc., to be read for sheer enjoyment, and (*b*) stories of rich factual value on subjects dealing with nature-science, early American history, or important industries. These latter selections are intended to serve as type-lessons in beginning the development of right study habits for nature-science, history, geography, and kindred subjects. The following list will indicate the range of this material:

Nature-Science: (Book Three) My Neighbors, the Coons, Baynes; Johnny Bear, Hawkes; The Woolly-Bear Caterpillar, Seton. (Book Four) The Bird That Makes Clay Pots, Seton; A Vireo at Home, Baynes; The Antics of an Ant Hill, Hawkes; The Old Pear-Tree, Fabre.

Historical-Biographical: (Book Three) A True Thanksgiving Story; (Book Four) Traveling in the Old Days, Evans; The Little Boy Who Became a Great Sailor; The Pony Express Rider, Cody.

Geographical-Industrial: (Book Three) The Candy Man's Story of Sugar. (Book Four) What the Boots Told David; How Nils Saved the Iron-Works, Lagerlöf; How the First Cotton Gin Was Made, Evans; Frank's Visit to a Coal Mine, Husband.

(2) Definite provisions are included to insure that the pupil understands the character of each selection *before he begins to read.* Before each "work-type" selection appears the topic "Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully," etc. All other stories are introduced by the heading "Something to Find Out.—" etc.

(3) The "Questions to Test Silent Reading," found in the "Helps to Study," have been carefully planned to aid in developing *two* different skills. For "work-type" material, the questions focus on specific items of information, while for "recreational" material, only the main plot incidents are generally brought out.

(4) In Book Four from time to time, "Pupil-Records" are suggested, to enable both children and teachers to note the growth in efficiency (see pages 82, 182, etc.). Similar records for the third grade may be made at the discretion of the teacher.

Caution. The present volume, *Book Three* of the series, covers a transitional period. The pupils have attained sufficient skill to read selections that include words not previously encountered, yet they are still too immature to do more than gain a preliminary acquaintance with the fact that "work-type" and "recreational" materials call for somewhat different methods and speed-rates. The wise teacher, therefore, will avoid any formal discussion of these matters.

(3) **For Books Five to Eight.** The third and last of the silent-reading steps in the *Child-Library* plan is found in the upper four books of the series, where "Questions and Outlines for Testing Silent Reading" carry still further the training in comprehension. These books contain a considerable body of factual material, though no attempt has been made to distinguish such literature by means of special headings. The aim here is to allow the utmost flexibility of treatment, so that teachers may feel free to fit the method to the special ability of each class.

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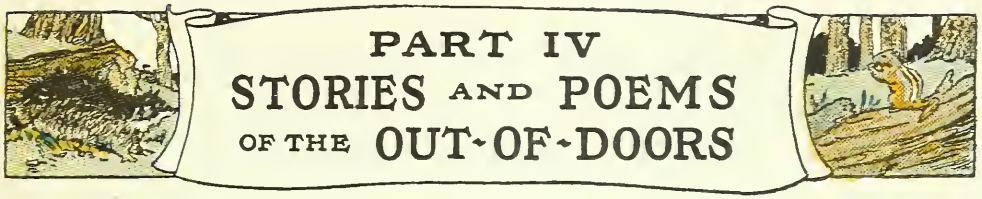
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PART I

OLD TALES FROM MANY LANDS







THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE SNOW

Something to Find Out.—Why the little snow girl left the old man and the old woman.

I. HOW THE SNOW GIRL CAME TO THE OLD PEOPLE

Once an old, old man and an old, old woman lived in a little village in Russia, where the snow lay deep in the winter. Their hut stood not far from a great forest. Eight or nine huts, just like their own, stood near by.

It was a merry little village, and the old man and his wife never needed to be lonely. They could have company whenever they wished, and they had cats and dogs and cocks and hens, besides. But the two old people were very unhappy, and this is the reason why.

All the other huts had babies and children in them, but the old man and his wife had none. These two old people would often stand at their window watching the children as they played in the road, and wish and wish for a child of their own.

One winter day they watched the happy children in their warm coats and heavy boots playing in the snow. The children threw snowballs at each other, and laughed and shouted merrily. Then they rolled the snow together and made an ugly old snow woman.

When the old people had stood at the window for a long time, the old man turned to his wife and said, "Good wife, let us go into the yard and make a little snow girl. Perhaps she will become alive, and be a little daughter to us."

"Husband," said the old woman, "there is no telling what wonderful thing may happen. Let us make a lovely little snow girl."

So these two old people put on their big coats and their warm caps, and went out into the back yard where nobody could see them. They rolled up the snow and began to make a little snow girl. When she was finished she was lovelier than a birch tree in spring. There she stood before them, a beautiful little snow girl, all white, with her eyes and lips tightly closed.

"Oh, speak to us!" cried the old man.



"Won't you become alive and run about like the other children?" begged the old woman.

And the little snow girl did. She really did.

Suddenly the two old people saw her blue eyes shining like the sky on a clear day. Then she opened her lips and smiled at them. Her hair became black, and it blew about her face in the wind.

Then she began dancing in the snow, tossing her long hair, and laughing softly to herself. She

danced as lightly as snowflakes whirl in the wind. And as she danced she sang this song:

"I'll stay with you, and sing and play
By frosty night and frosty day,
Little Daughter of the Snow.
But whenever I do know
That you do not love me, then
I shall go away again.
Back into the sky I'll go,
Little Daughter of the Snow."

"Oh! oh! oh!" said the old man. "Isn't she beautiful? I will run and get her some clothes."

So he ran to a neighbor's house and borrowed a fur hat and a pair of leather boots for the little snow girl. When he came back, his wife was making her a little coat. In the evening the old people dressed the little Daughter of the Snow.

"Too hot, too hot!" cried the little snow girl. "I must go out into the cool night."

"But it is time to go to sleep now," said the old woman.

"No, no," sang the little snow girl. "I'll dance and play by frosty night and frosty day. I'll play

by myself all night in the yard, and in the morning I'll play in the road with the other children."

Nothing the old people said could make her change her mind. "I am the little Daughter of the Snow," she said, as she ran into the yard.

How she danced and ran about in the moonlight on the white, frozen snow!

The old people watched her for a long while. At last they went to bed, but more than once the old man got up in the night to make sure that she was still there. And there she was, chasing her shadow in the moonlight and throwing snowballs at the stars.

In the morning she came in, laughing, to have breakfast with the old people. She showed them how to make porridge for her, and it was a very simple way, indeed. They had only to take a piece of ice and crush it in a wooden bowl.

Then after breakfast the little snow girl ran out into the road to play with the other children. As the old people looked out of the window, how happy they were to see a child of their own playing with the boys and girls they had watched so often!



The little snow girl could run faster than any of them. Her little boots flashed as she ran about. After a while she helped her playmates make a snow woman. She laughed merrily all the time.

When the snow woman was made, all the children threw snowballs at it till it fell to pieces; and the little snow girl was so quick that she threw more snowballs than any of the others.

The old man and the old woman watched her.

"She is all our own," said the old man, proudly.

"She is our little white pigeon," said the old woman.

In the evening the little snow girl had another bowl of ice porridge, and then started off again to play by herself in the yard.

"You'll sleep in the hut tonight, won't you, my love?" asked the old woman.

But the little Daughter of the Snow only laughed, as she ran out into the yard again.

So it went all through the winter. The little snow girl danced and sang most of the time. She always ran out when night came, and played by herself until dawn. Then she would come in and have her ice porridge. After that she would play with the other children until supper time, when she would once more eat ice porridge; then she would play all night until dawn came again.

II. HOW THE SNOW GIRL WAS LOST

The little snow girl was very good. She did everything the old people asked her to do, except one thing. She would never sleep indoors.

All the children of the village loved her. They did not know how they had ever played without her. Often in the sunny part of the day the children went

together a little way into the forest. Of course the little snow girl went with them. It would have been no fun without her.

One day the children went to the woods as usual. But when it was time to turn back, the little snow girl tossed her head and ran on, laughing, among the trees. The other children were afraid to follow her, for it was getting late in the afternoon. They waited as long as they dared, and then they ran home, holding each other's hands. The little snow girl was left in the forest all alone!

She looked back for the other children, but she could not see them. She climbed up into a tree, but still she could not see her little friends.

Then she called from the tree, "Ai, Ai, little friends, have pity on the snow girl!"

An old brown bear heard her, and came shambling along on his heavy paws. "What are you crying about, little Daughter of the Snow?" he asked.

"O big bear," said the snow girl, "how can I help crying? I have lost my way, and all of my little friends have gone."

"I will take you home," said the big bear.



"O brown bear," said the little snow girl, "you are so big that I am afraid of you."

The brown bear went away and left her.

A gray wolf had heard her, and he came galloping up on his swift feet. "What are you crying about, little Daughter of the Snow?" he asked.

"O gray wolf," said the little snow girl, "how can I help crying? I have lost my way, and all of my little friends have gone."

"I will take you home," said the wolf.

"O gray wolf," said the little snow girl, "I am afraid of you. Sometimes you are so fierce."

The gray wolf galloped away and left her.

An old red fox had heard her, and he came running swiftly up to the tree. He called out cheerfully, "What are you crying about, little Daughter of the Snow?"

"O red fox," said the little snow girl, "how can I help crying? I have lost my way, and all of my little friends have gone."

"I will take you home," said the old red fox.

"O red fox," said the little snow girl, "I am not afraid of you. I will let you take me home."

So she scrambled down from the tree, and jumped upon his back. Off they went through the dark forest.

III. WHY THE SNOW GIRL LEFT THE OLD PEOPLE

Soon they saw the lights in the windows of the huts. In a few minutes they were at the door of the hut that belonged to the old man and the old woman.

There they saw the two old people crying and crying. "What has become of our little snow girl?" they said. "Where is our little white pigeon?"

"Here I am!" cried the little snow girl. "The kind red fox has brought me home. You must shut up the dogs."

The old man went away and shut up the dogs. When he came back he said to the fox, "We are very grateful to you."

"Are you really?" said the old red fox. "Well, I am hungry."

"Here is a nice crust of bread for you," said the old woman.

"Oh," said the fox, "I do not care for bread. What I would like is a nice plump hen. After all, your little snow girl is worth a nice plump hen."

"Very well," said the old woman. But she whispered to her husband, "It seems a pity to give away a good plump hen, now that we have our little snow girl safe home again."

"So it does, so it does!" whispered he.

"Well, I have been thinking of something," said the old woman. Then she whispered in his ear what she meant to do.

Off went the old man and got two sacks. Into one sack the old people put a fine plump hen, and



into the other they put the fiercest of the dogs. Then they took the bags outside and called to the fox. The old red fox came up to them, licking his lips because he was so hungry.

The old man opened one sack, and out fluttered the hen. Then quickly he opened the other, and out jumped the fierce dog. The poor hungry fox ran back into the deep forest as fast as he could go.

"That was well done," said the two old people.

"We have our little snow girl, and we did not have to give away a hen, either."

As they stood there laughing at the trick they had played on the fox, they heard the little snow girl singing in the hut. This is what she sang:

"Good-bye, dear friends, good-bye, good-bye;
Back I go across the sky.
To my motherkin I go,
Little Daughter of the Snow.
Because you love me less than a hen,
I must go away again."

The two old people ran into the house. There they saw the little snow girl taking off her fur hat, her coat, and her little boots. Again she sang:

"Good-bye, dear friends, good-bye, good-bye;
Back I go across the sky."

"Do not go, do not go!" begged the old man and the old woman.

But the little snow girl sang in a sweet voice:

"To my motherkin I go,
Little Daughter of the Snow.
Some time I may come again,
If you'll love me more than a hen."

"Oh, we will, we will!" cried the two old people.

Just then the wind blew the door open, and the little snow girl danced out and was gone. She leaped into the arms of Frost, her father, and Snow, her mother. They carried her away over the stars to the far North, where she played all summer on the frozen sea.

But when winter time came again to the little village in Russia, the little snow girl came back to the two old people, who learned to love her more than anything else in the world—even more than a hen.

— *Arthur Ransome.*

HOW TO ENJOY YOUR READING

What a joy it is to open a new book that is filled with good stories and beautiful pictures! Turn over a few pages of this book and try to imagine how much you are going to enjoy it. You will find stories of boys and girls, of animals and birds, of fairies and elves. And some of the very best stories are really true.

Look at the Table of Contents on pages 7 to 10 and see how many different kinds of stories you will find in this book.

First you will see a group called "Old Tales from Many Lands." Some of these have been told for hundreds of years, and children everywhere have always loved them.

What are the names of the other five Parts into which the book is divided?

Here are some hints that will help you make the best use of this Reader:

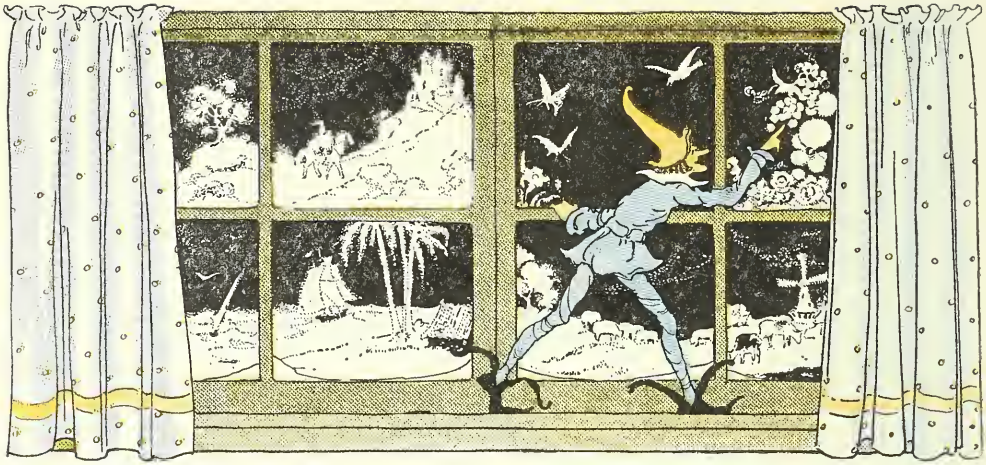
First: Of course you cannot enjoy your reading unless you know the meaning of the words. In the back of the book there is a little dictionary that gives the meaning of the words you may not know. For example, in the first story perhaps you will need to look up "shambling" and "dawn."

Second: Always look at the pictures carefully to see how much they help you to understand the story.

Third: Read carefully the sentence just below the name, or "title," of each story. It tells you something interesting and important to find out as you read.

Fourth: On pages 297-312 you will find a list of questions called "Questions to Test Your Reading," that will help you to see how well you remember what you have read. When you have finished reading any story, turn to these questions and see how many of them you can answer. And sometimes you will find questions or directions called "Something to Talk About" that will set you to thinking about the story as a whole, or will suggest some other interesting selection for you to read.

Fifth: On pages 313, 314 you will find a list of books that you will enjoy reading. See how many of them you can read at home before the end of the year.



JACK FROST

The door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver-white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes, and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
  Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armor riding by,
  With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
  Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
  On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
  And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
  You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
  The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
  And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window-pane
  In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake, you see again
  The lovely things you saw in dream.

— *Gabriel Setoun.*



HOW THE WOODPECKER SAVED HIAWATHA

Something to Find Out.—Why Hiawatha gave the woodpecker a red tuft.

Many, many years ago a little Indian boy named Hiawatha lived with his grandmother, old Nokomis. Their wigwam stood on the shore of a big lake called Gitche Gumee. Old Nokomis taught Hiawatha many things about the stars that shine in the sky, and about the rainbow, the moon, the birds, and the animals.

One day when Hiawatha had grown to be a strong young man, his grandmother called him to her side. She was looking over the waters of Gitche Gumee. Pointing toward the purple sunset, she said, "Over there, Hiawatha, is the land of the great Pearl Feather. He is a wicked magician who sends sickness and sorrow to the Indian people.

"Take your bow and arrows, Hiawatha, and your birch canoe. Go to the land of the wicked Pearl Feather and punish him for the suffering that he sends our people."

So Hiawatha took his strong bow and his sharpest arrows. Jumping into his birch canoe, he said, "O my birch canoe, take me quickly over the water. Take me to the great Pearl Feather."

The canoe leaped forward swiftly. All night long Hiawatha sailed through black water that was filled with ugly serpents. They hissed as he passed and called to him, "Go back, go back to old Nokomis!"

But Hiawatha did not turn back. He sailed on and on. In the morning he reached the land of the great magician. There, on the hot, sandy beach, he saw the wigwam of Pearl Feather.

With a great shout of joy Hiawatha leaped from his canoe upon the burning sand. Then he aimed an arrow at the wigwam and shouted, "Come out, come out, O wicked Pearl Feather! Hiawatha awaits you."

Pearl Feather came out at once, shouting to Hiawatha, "Go back to your old grandmother, Nokomis." But Hiawatha did not answer him. He was not afraid of the wicked magician.

Then began a great battle between Pearl Feather and Hiawatha. All day long in the hot, burning sun they fought and fought. Neither one could win the victory. The great magician could not kill the strong Indian warrior, and Hiawatha's arrows did no harm to Pearl Feather, for they could not pierce his magic shirt.

At sunset both warriors paused a moment to rest. Hiawatha leaned against a tall pine tree. He was tired and wounded, his war club was broken, and he had only three arrows left.

Just then he heard a voice over his head in the pine tree. A woodpecker was speaking to him. "Aim your arrows, Hiawatha, at the tuft of hair



upon the head of Pearl Feather," said the woodpecker. "That is the only place where he can be wounded."

When the fighting began again, Hiawatha obeyed the friendly woodpecker. Swiftly his last three arrows flew straight to the tuft of hair on the head of the wicked magician, and Pearl Feather fell down upon the burning sand.

Then the tired Hiawatha felt very grateful to the little woodpecker. He called the bird from his perch among the branches of the pine tree, and touching his head said, "O friendly woodpecker, this day you have done a good deed to the Indian people. As a reward for your kindness you shall always wear a tuft of red feathers on your head."

The woodpecker fluttered with joy.

Then Hiawatha sailed in his canoe back to old Nokomis on the shore of Gitche Gumee.

—Adapted from "Hiawatha."

WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED

Something to Find Out.—How the first fire was saved.

Long, long ago there was only one fire in all the world, and that was in the cold Northland. The freezing winter winds blew its coals about, and often the falling snow nearly smothered it. But an old man and his little boy always guarded the precious flame. They knew that if it should go out, the Northland would be cold and cheerless.

All the small animals loved the cheery, crackling fire, and they loved also the old man and the little boy who kept it burning both day and night.

There was one animal, however, who hated the fire. That was the big white bear, who wanted all the Northland for himself and his kin forever. He was always prowling quietly around, waiting for a chance to put out the flame.

"Some time," he said, "I'll catch the old man and his boy both sleeping, and then we shall see who owns this big, frozen Northland."

Winters came and went, but the old man and his little boy always kept the fire burning. The white bear growled and growled, but they were not afraid of him.

At last a day came when the old man became ill, and the little boy had to tend the fire all by himself, day and night. The next morning the old man was no better, and the little boy worked hard gathering pine branches and cones to keep the fire burning.

A week went by, and still the old man was too ill to help the little boy, who bravely guarded the flame. At last he became so tired and sleepy that he hardly knew what he was doing. So he sat down by the fire, closed his eyes, and fell asleep. Poor, tired little lad!

At that moment the white bear, who was always watching, came swiftly and silently out of the forest. He scattered the fire all about; and with his big paws, wet with snow, he stamped upon it until there was no more glow. Then with a low growl of joy he ran back into the forest as quickly as he had come. Still the tired little boy slept on.



How frightened all the smaller animals were when they saw what the big white bear had done! But a gray robin, who was sitting in a tree near the fire, saw one little spark that had escaped the bear's wet paws.

Flying down, he hovered over the little coal and fanned it with his wings. Suddenly a tiny flame sprang up. It grew brighter and brighter, until



the tired little boy opened his eyes and ran to the forest for wood. The robin kept fanning the flame until the little boy returned. Then he flew back to the tree.

So the first fire was saved, but the robin's breast had become scorched from the flame. Ever since that time, so the people of the Northland say, the robin's breast has been red.

— *A Tale from the Northland.*

WHAT ROBIN TOLD

How do the robins build their nests?
  Robin Redbreast told me.
First a wisp of amber hay
In a pretty round they lay,
Then some shreds of downy floss,
Feathers, too, and bits of moss,
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way, and across;
  That's what Robin told me.

Where do the robins hide their nests?
  Robin Redbreast told me.
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep,
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold,
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby robins, one, two, three;
  That's what Robin told me.

— *George Cooper.*

PABLO AND THE PRINCESS

Something to Find Out.—How the magic fruit saved Pablo.

I. THE MAGIC PURSE

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a King and Queen who had one beautiful daughter. When the Princess was eighteen years old, the King wanted to find a rich husband for her. He thought that money was the best thing in all the world.

So the King sent messengers all over the country to say that whoever would bring him ten cart-loads of money each day for ten days should marry the Princess and have half of his kingdom, besides. But if anyone tried and failed, he should be put to death.

A poor, hard-working boy named Pablo heard the King's message. That night he said to his mother, "O Mother, how I should like to marry the beautiful Princess, and have half of the kingdom, besides! Then I should be a handsome prince, and you would be a lovely queen."

But his mother only laughed at him, for well she knew that they had not even one small piece of money in the house.

The next day Pablo took his ax as usual and went to the forest to cut wood. Picking out the largest tree in the forest, he began to chop it down. When he had struck only two or three blows with his ax he heard a voice saying, "Please do not cut me any more, Pablo. I am the King of the Forest. Put your hand into the hole in my trunk, and you will find a purse which will give you all the money you wish."

At once Pablo obeyed the voice and, putting his hand into the hole, he pulled out a leather purse. It was empty, however, and so Pablo threw it down, saying, "The King of the Forest is trying to play a joke on me." But as the purse struck the ground, there was a clinking noise, and silver money rolled out of it.

Pablo was then filled with happiness and, taking the purse, started at once for home to tell his mother of his good luck. As soon as he reached the house, he called his mother and began shaking



the purse. Out rolled the money in a silver stream. It spread all over the floor of the little hut.

Of course Pablo's mother was surprised and delighted when she saw so much money. "Now, my son, you can go to the King," she said, "and marry the beautiful Princess."

The next morning Pablo went to the palace and asked to see the King. The King was much surprised to hear such a poorly dressed boy say that he had come to marry the Princess, and ask for half of his kingdom, besides.

"Young man," said the King, "do you know that if you try to send the cart-loads of money and fail, you will be put to death?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," said Pablo. "But I shall not fail."

Then he asked the King to let him have a talk with the Princess. He was taken before the Princess, and was much pleased with her beauty. But the young girl was not pleased with Pablo, because he was so poorly dressed.

After Pablo had bidden her good-bye, he told the King to send ten carts for the first loads of money. The carts were sent with soldiers to guard them. How surprised the soldiers were when they saw the piles of silver around Pablo's little hut! They filled the carts with money and hauled it away to the palace. The King was overjoyed at the sight, and even the Princess seemed pleased.

Five days went by, and Pablo had not once failed to have the money ready when the soldiers came for it. By this time the Princess was not quite so well pleased. "Only five days more," she said to herself, "and I shall have to marry Pablo. He is



very, very rich, but now we have all the money we need. I do not want to marry him. I will play a trick on him."

The next day one of the soldiers told the Princess that Pablo got all his money from a magic purse. When she heard this she asked the soldier to tell Pablo that she wished to see him alone. Of course Pablo was much delighted at the message, and hastened at once to the palace.

There the Princess sang and sang to him, until finally he fell asleep. As soon as Pablo closed his eyes, she took the magic purse and hid it.

II. THE WONDERFUL FRUIT

After a while Pablo awoke and went back to his little hut. When he reached home he found that his magic purse was gone.

"Alas, alas!" he said to his mother. "My purse has been stolen, and now I cannot fill the carts with money. Surely I must die if I do not leave this kingdom at once."

So bidding his mother good-bye, he started on a journey into another country.

After traveling for a long time, Pablo came to a high mountain, on which grew many wonderful trees that bore strange-looking fruit. As he had eaten very little on his journey, he was so hungry that he decided to try some of it. No sooner had he tasted a mouthful than he was terrified to find two horns growing on his forehead. With all his strength he pulled and pulled, but the horns would not come off.

"Now I am in a pretty fix!" he said. "But since I have horns I may as well eat some more fruit, for I am still very hungry."

So he went to another tree that was full of delicious-looking fruit, and ate some of it. To his great delight, the horns at once tumbled off his forehead.

"Ha! ha!" he said to himself. "The magic fruit of the first tree makes horns grow on the head of anyone that eats it. The fruit of this second tree makes the horns drop off. What wonderful fruit this is! I think I can use it to help me get back my magic purse."

Gathering some of the fruit of the second tree, he put it into his hat. Then he went back to the first tree and gathered some of its fruit in his handkerchief. Off he started for home, many miles away. He had been gone for several months, and so he felt sure that the King had stopped searching for him.

When he reached his home town he went at night to the palace of the King and hired himself as a helper to the cook. Pablo quickly made friends of all the servants in the kitchen. He was such a hard-working young man that he was soon doing most of the cooking himself.

One day the cook went off and left Pablo to prepare dinner all alone. Now came his chance. He chopped up both kinds of the magic fruit. Then he put some of the first kind into a dish with the food which the King, Queen, and Princess would eat for dinner. The fruit which made the horns fall off he mixed with water and put into a bottle.

When the dinner had been placed upon the table, the King's family sat down and began eating. In a few minutes the King, Queen, and Princess were horrified to see two horns growing on each of their heads. They pulled and screamed and pulled and screamed, but the horns stuck fast.

All the servants ran into the dining room and tried to help them, but no one could pull the horns off. Last of all came Pablo, who said, "I will take off your horns, O King, if you will promise me three things for doing it. First, I ask for my life; second, for half of your kingdom; and third, for the beautiful Princess."

"I will gladly give you all you ask," said the King, "if you will take these horrid horns from our heads."



Then Pablo gave the King, the Queen, and the Princess each a glass containing the liquid which he had made from the fruit of the second tree. When they drank it, their horns fell off at once.

The King kept his word and gave Pablo half of his kingdom and the beautiful Princess as his wife. The Princess returned the magic purse to Pablo, and they lived happily ever afterwards. The King became very fond of Pablo, and when he grew old, made Pablo ruler over all the land.

— *Philippine Folk Tale.*

THE DISCONTENTED CHICKENS

Something to Find Out.—Why the cock and the hens went back to the farmer.

Once there was a farm-yard where a cock lived with a big family of hens. The farmer was proud of his chickens, and gave them the best of care.

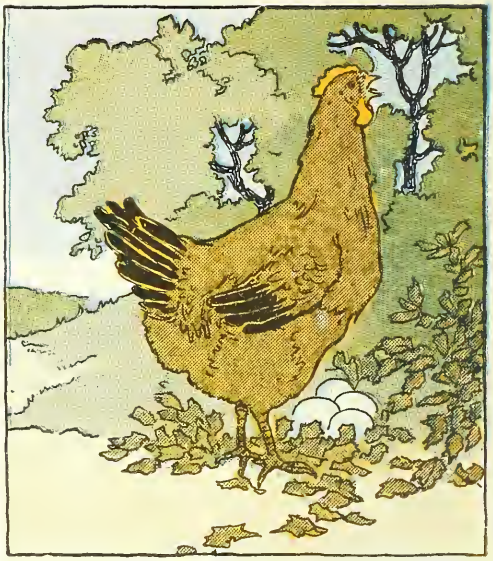
He built them a snug little house with rows of nests along the sides, and put up clean white perches for them to roost on. Indeed, they had as pleasant a home as hens could wish for.

Every day the farmer gave them plenty of food and fresh water. With a pleasant barnyard in which they could scratch all day, they ought to have been the happiest hens in the world.

But they were not happy. In fact they were very discontented, and it was all because the farmer took away their eggs every day. One summer morning the cock and the hens gathered in a corner of the yard to talk things over.

"The farmer has no right to take our eggs," said the hens. "We laid them. They are ours.





We don't go into his house and take things that belong to him."

They ruffled up their feathers in anger whenever they saw the farmer. But their anger did no good, for every evening he took away the eggs.

Then the hens began to hide their nests. Some of them made nests under the woodpile, and some in the bushes. But this plan did not help them at all, for whenever a hen laid an egg, she always cackled. In the evening the farmer's wife would say to her husband, "Go and gather the eggs, my dear. The hens have been cackling all day." And somehow he always found their nests.

"Why can't you keep still?" said the cock to the hens. "Do you have to tell the whole world whenever you lay an egg?"

"Can you keep from crowing at sunrise?" asked the hens.

"No," said the cock. "It is my business to crow then."

"Well, it is our business to cackle when we lay our eggs," said the hens.

At last they made a new plan. They decided to run away to the woods. There they thought they would not be bothered by the farmer.

Early the next morning, with a great flapping of wings, the hens followed the cock over the fence and ran away to the woods. What fun it was to wander among the tall trees!

"Cluck! cluck! cluck! Oh, see these large red berries!" cried one hen.

"And these dry leaves make the softest of nests," said another.

"I will find the best roosting place," said the cock, as he walked proudly among the trees. "I am glad we thought of this good plan."



For a little while all went well. It was just like a picnic. The hens cackled and cackled, but no one came to gather their eggs.

Then one night something happened that frightened Brown Hen, who always liked a low roosting place. She heard a rustling in the bushes behind her. It was lucky for her that she had not gone to sleep yet, for Red Fox was creeping up to catch her. She flew up on to a high branch just in time.

There she sat with her eyes wide open all night long. After that she never slept well, and she began to get quite thin and cross from worry.

A month passed, and the nights grew chilly. Before long the leaves began to fall, and soon a few snowflakes fluttered down. It became harder and harder to find food, too. But worst of all, Red Fox, with several of his cousins, kept prowling around, trying to catch the chickens.

At last Brown Hen could stand it no longer. "What a foolish flock of hens we are," said she. "We ran away from a safe, warm home and plenty of food just because the farmer took our eggs. Who built our home? Who gave us food every day and a safe roosting place at night? The good farmer did. Well, surely it is only fair for him to have our eggs to pay him for his trouble. I am going back to lay an egg for him this very day."

"So am I!" "And I!" "And I!" said the other hens, as they started back to the farm-yard.

The cock followed them at a little distance. "It's very queer I never thought of that," said he.

— *Old German Tale.*

THE COCK AND THE FOX

Two Things to Find Out.—(*a*) How the fox fooled the cock; (*b*) How the cock fooled the fox.

I. CHANTICLEER'S DREAM

Once there was a beautiful cock named Chanticleer. He lived with many hens in a barnyard not far from a deep woods. Oh! he was a wonderful cock. His comb was large and bright, his feathers shone like gold, and his voice was loud and clear.

One night as he was asleep on his perch he began to make a queer noise in his throat. His wife, Dame Partlet, who was sleeping by his side, waked him and said, "What is the matter, my dear?"

"Oh!" said Chanticleer, "I have just had such a bad dream! I thought some beast seized me by the neck and carried me away. I am still shaking from fright."

"For shame!" said Dame Partlet. "How silly you are to be frightened by a dream! What could hurt the brave Chanticleer!"



The cock was greatly comforted by Dame Partlet's words, and soon they were both fast asleep again. When morning came, Chanticleer crowed loud and long to wake up all the animals in the barnyard. Then he began to scratch the ground for Dame Partlet and the other hens. How proud and bold he looked as he walked around, flapping his wings!

"Surely I am a great cock," he thought. "Why should I be afraid of a dream? Who would dare hurt the king of the barnyard?"

II. HOW THE FOX FOOLED CHANTICLEER

Now, when Chanticleer had crowed so loud early that morning, he had waked Reynard, the fox, who lived in the woods near by. Reynard thought he would like a nice cock for his dinner. So he hid in the bushes outside the barnyard.

While scratching for food, Chanticleer wandered near the bushes and saw the fox. With a cry of fright, he started to run away, but Reynard called to him in his gentlest voice.

"Do not run away, dear friend," he said. "I am just waiting to hear you sing. I heard you early this morning when you were waking up the barnyard. Your voice is wonderful. It is just like your father's voice. I remember very well watching him as he sang. He would always stretch out his long neck, flap his wings, and close his eyes before he began. Do all great cocks sing like that? Good Chanticleer, do sing for me."

Of course Chanticleer felt much pleased to hear these words of praise. Just to show that he was as great as his father, he stretched out his long neck, flapped his wings, shut his eyes, and crowed loud and long. Foolish cock! While his eyes were closed, Reynard, the fox, caught him by his long neck and ran off toward his den.

Every animal in the barnyard had seen the fox, and all set up a loud cry. Their noise aroused the farmer's sons and the dogs, who started to chase Reynard.

III. HOW CHANTICLEER FOOLED THE FOX

As Chanticleer was being carried off by the fox, he thought and thought. "How silly I was to let the fox fool me," he said to himself. "Perhaps I can save myself by fooling him."

Chanticleer looked back and saw the dogs in the distance. "They can never catch you," he said to the fox. "What a swift runner you are! Why do you not make fun of them? Call out to the dogs and say, 'You poor snails! Do you really think you can catch Reynard, the fox?'"



The silly fox was so pleased to hear Chanticleer praise him that he opened his mouth and said, "You poor—!" But he did not get any further, for as soon as he said the first word the cock flew safely to a branch of a tree.

The dogs were coming on so fast that Reynard could not stop to talk. But he and Chanticleer both did a good deal of thinking that day.

—Old English Tale.

THE GOURD AND THE PINE TREE

Something to Find Out.—What the gourd vine learned.

Once upon a time a tall pine tree grew on a hill near the ocean. It could look far across the blue water and see the white ships sailing on it. This pine tree had been growing and growing for many years, until at last it had become the tallest tree for miles around. It was a very wonderful tree indeed.

One windy day in the autumn a little seed was caught up by the wind and dropped at the foot of the tall old pine. It was a proud little gourd seed, and it felt very cross when it found that it had been blown so far from its home.

"Why should I be dropped here," it said, "where no one can ever see me?"

However, as there was nothing to be done about it, the little seed cuddled down and went to sleep. Winter came and went, and then spring followed. Suddenly the proud little seed felt itself swelling and growing. Two little green leaves peeped up

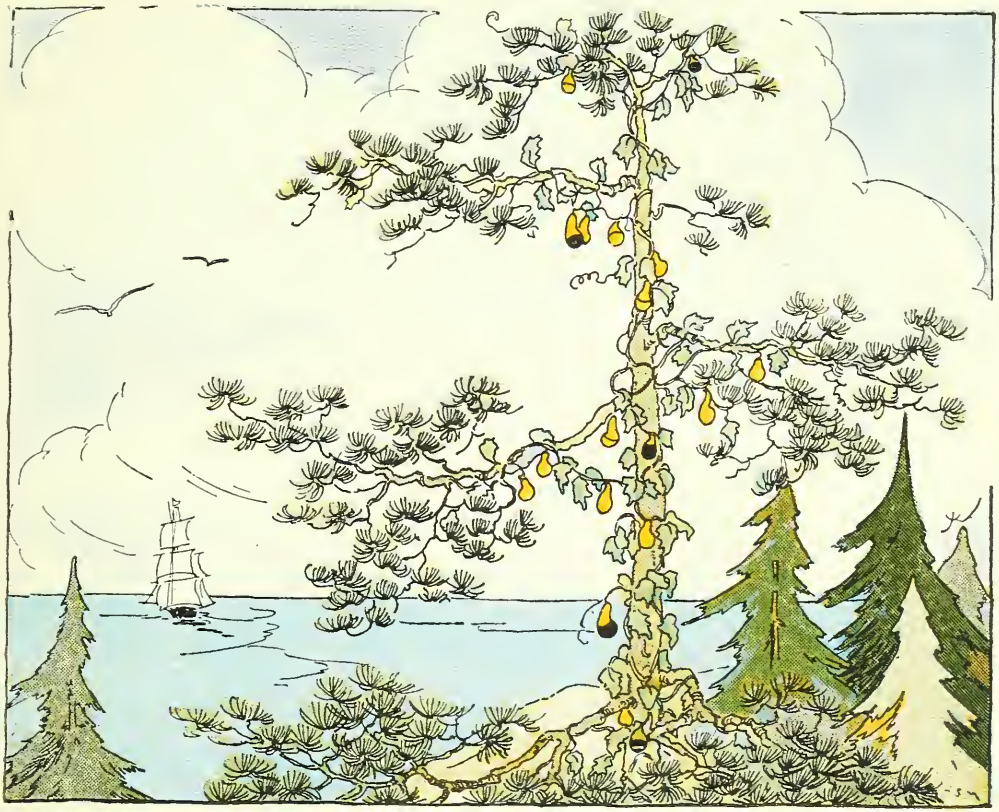
from the ground, and then a tiny vine began to climb the pine tree.

"Oh! oh!" said the proud little seed. "Now I am becoming a gourd vine. In a little while I shall climb to the top of this old pine tree. It has been growing for years and years, but I will show it how fast a gourd vine can grow."

So the vine called down to its little roots, "Drink, drink, drink, I say! I must grow fast. I must climb, climb, climb!" It called to the sun, "Shine, shine, shine on me, so that I can soon reach the top of this slow old pine tree and show it how fast a gourd vine can grow."

In a short time the gourd vine had reached the very top branch of the pine, where it could look out over the blue water. It felt very proud to be so high up in the world.

"Here I am, old tree!" cried the proud little vine. "Just see how tall I am. I should think you would be ashamed to be so slow. You have been growing for years and years, and I began to grow just this spring. I really think that you are too slow for anything."



The old pine tree answered not a word, for it knew a great many things that the gourd vine had not had time to learn.

Summer came and went, and by and by the days grew chilly. Then one morning a mighty wind swept over the hill. The tops of the trees bent low before it. The pine tree did not fear the wind, because its branches, which had been a long, long time in growing, were very strong. Its roots, too,

were deep down in the earth. But the gourd vine could not hold fast, and soon it was lying in a heap on the ground.

That was the end of the proud little vine, but the old pine tree still stands on the hill, looking out over the blue water of the ocean.

— *Æsop.*



PART II

STORIES OF GIRLS AND BOYS







KITTY'S CATTLE SHOW

Something to Find Out.—How Kitty won a prize.

I. HOW KITTY WENT TO THE SHOW

Little Kitty was an orphan. She lived in an orphans' home, where she ran errands, tended the babies, and helped everybody who needed her. She was a happy-hearted child, who did her best to be good, and was never tired of hoping that something pleasant would happen.

She had often heard of Cattle Shows, but had never been to one, though she lived near a town where there was one every year.

As October drew near, and people began to get ready for the show, Kitty became more and more anxious to go. She asked many questions about it of old Sam, who worked at the orphans' home.

"Did you say anybody could go in for nothing if she took something to show?" asked the eager little girl.



"Yes, and the one who has the best fruit or cake or butter or cows, or whatever it is, gets a prize," said Sam, who was busily chopping wood.

"I wish I had something nice to show, but I don't own anything except puss"; and the little girl stroked the plump white kitten that was frisking all over her.

"Better send her. She's pretty enough to win a prize anywhere," said Sam, who was fond of both Kittys.

"Do they really have cats at the Cattle Show?" asked the child, earnestly.

"They ought to, if they don't; for if cats aren't cattle, I don't see what they are," said old Sam, laughing at his little joke.

"I should like to take her and see the show, anyhow, for that would be splendid, even if she didn't get any prize. O puss, will you go, and behave well, and get a prize for me, so that I can buy a book of stories?" said Kitty.

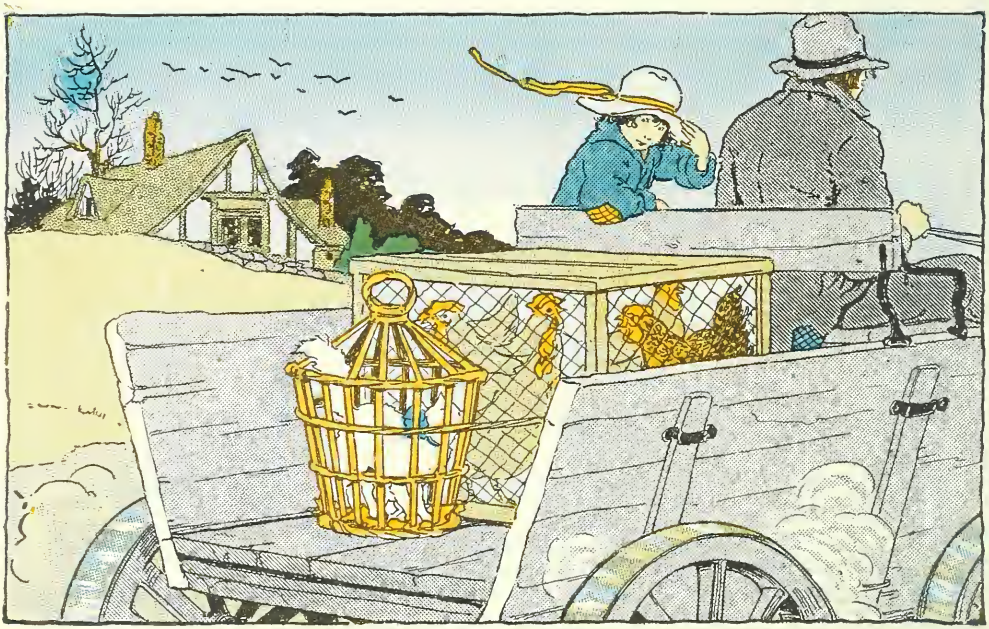
Puss turned a somersault, raced after a chicken, and then rushed up Kitty's back. She perched on the shoulder of the little girl, and peeped into her face, as though asking if pranks like these wouldn't win a prize anywhere.

"You are going to take Mr. Green's hens for him," said Kitty. "Can't I go with you? I won't be any trouble, and I do so want to see the pretty things."

Now Sam had meant all the time to take her, but he had not told her so yet. Being fond of a joke, he thought he would let her take the kitten, just for the fun of it.

"Yes," said kind-hearted Sam, "I'll tuck you in somewhere, and you had better put puss into the blackbird's old cage, so she won't get scared and run away. You can put the cage among the chicken-coops, and folks will admire puss, I haven't a doubt."

Little Kitty was delighted at the plan, though the older children in the house laughed at her. She scrubbed the old cage until it shone, and put a bed of yellow leaves in it for snowy puss to lie upon. Puss was washed, combed, and dressed up with a wide blue ribbon around her neck. When



she had been put into the cage on that great day, she made a charming picture.

It would have been hard to find a happier little lass than Kitty, when, dressed in her clean, blue check frock, and her old hat with a yellow ribbon, she rode away with Sam. In the back part of the wagon, with the chicken-coop, was Miss Puss, much excited by the clucking, fluttering hens.

II. HOW KITTY WON A PRIZE

When the show grounds were reached, Kitty thought the hurry and the noise quite as interesting as the cattle. And when, after putting his chickens in their place, Sam led her up into the great hall where the fruits and flowers and cakes and jellies were, she began to imagine that the fairy tales were coming true. For poor little Kitty had lived her whole life in the orphans' home, and real pleasures had been few.

While she stood staring at all the beautiful things, a lady who was arranging fruit near by upset a basket of fine peaches, and they rolled away under tables and chairs.

"I'll pick them up for you, ma'am," cried Kitty, who loved to be useful. Down she went on her knees, and carefully picked up every peach.

"What is your name, my little girl?" asked the lady, as she brushed off the yellow fruit.

"My name is Kitty, and I live at the orphans' home. I never saw a Cattle Show before, because I never had anything to bring," said the child.

"What did you bring this time?" asked the lady.

"I brought a lovely kitten, and she is downstairs with the hens. She is all white, and she has a blue ribbon around her neck," said Kitty.

"Oh, Mother, I want to see her," said a shy little girl, popping up her head from behind a table, where she had hidden herself away. So Kitty took the little girl to see Miss Puss in her cage.

While they were gone, Sam came to find Kitty, and the kind lady, who was amused at the cat story, asked him about the child.

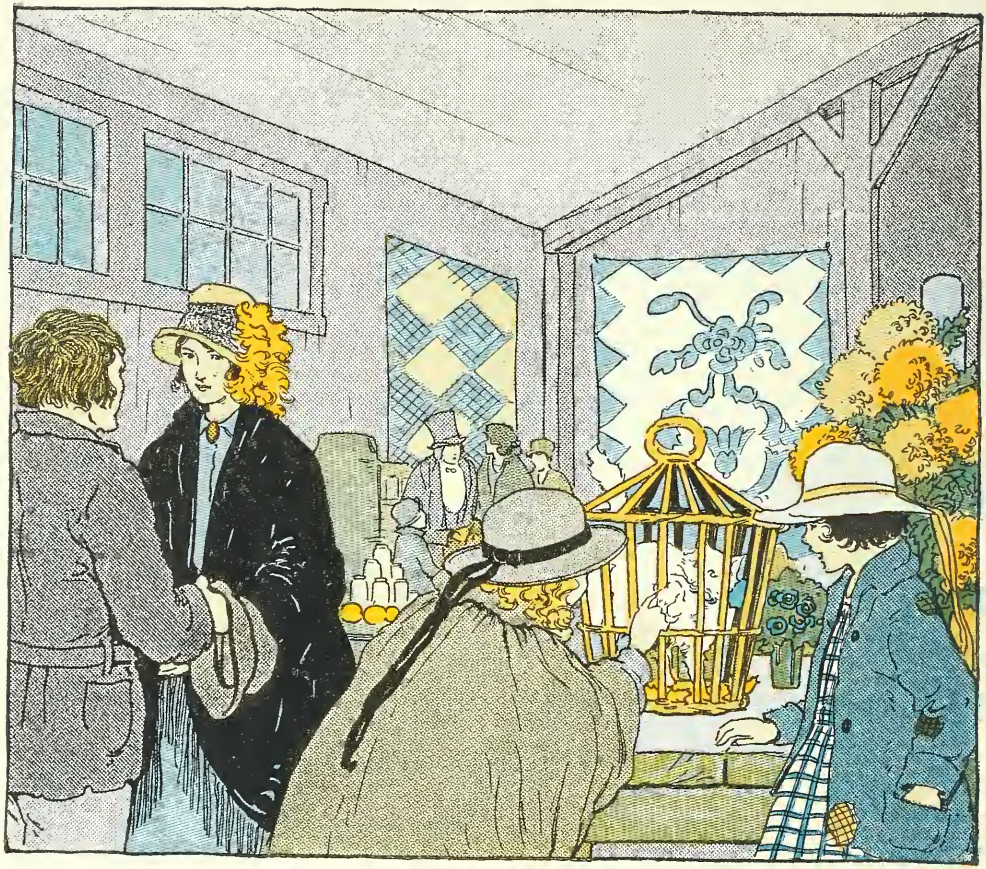
"She hasn't any friends except me and the kitten," said Sam, "and so I thought I would give the poor little girl a bit of pleasure. The

money that Mr. Green gave me for bringing his hens will buy Kitty some dinner, and a book maybe, or something to remember the Cattle Show by. I shouldn't wonder if I earned a little more doing chores today. If I do, I shall give it to her for a prize, because I brought the kitten just for fun, and I shouldn't like to disappoint the child."

As Sam laughed, and rubbed his rough hands together over the joke of surprising Kitty, the lady looked at his kind old face, and decided to give him a pleasure, too.

When her little girl came back and begged her to buy the lovely kitten, she said that she would. She put five dollars into Sam's hand, telling him it was Kitty's prize, to be used in buying books and toys for the motherless child.

Kitty was quite willing to sell puss, as five dollars seemed a splendid fortune to her. Such a happy day as that was! She saw everything, had a good dinner, bought "Babes in the Wood" at a book stand, and best of all, she made many friends.



Miss Puss in her cage was brought up by her new mistress and put on a table among the flowers, where she was much admired.

When Kitty returned to the orphans' home everybody in it was surprised and delighted at her good luck. She had to tell over and over again about her happy day at the Cattle Show.

— *Louisa M. Alcott.*



THE RABBIT

When they said the time to hide was mine,
I hid back under a thick grape vine.

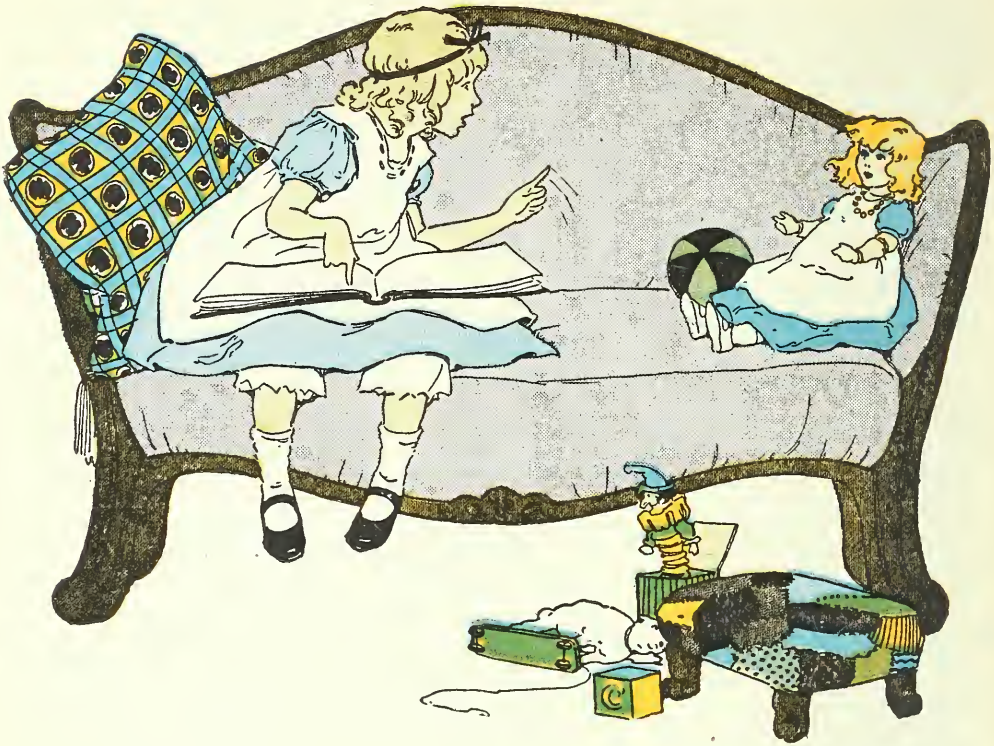
And while I was still, for the time to pass,
A little gray thing came out of the grass.

He hopped his way through the melon bed
And sat down close by a cabbage head.

He sat down close where I could see,
And his big, still eyes looked hard at me—

His big eyes bursting out of the rim—
And I looked back very hard at him.

—*Elizabeth Madox Roberts.*



MATILDA JANE

Matilda Jane, you never look
At any toy or picture book.
I show you pretty things in vain;
You must be blind, Matilda Jane.

I ask you riddles, tell you tales,
But all our conversation fails.
You never answer me again;
I fear you're dumb, Matilda Jane.

Matilda, darling, when I call,
You never seem to hear at all.
I shout with all my might and main;
But you're so deaf, Matilda Jane!

Matilda Jane, you needn't mind;
For, though you're deaf and dumb and blind,
There's someone loves you, it is plain,
And that is I, Matilda Jane.

— *Lewis Carroll.*

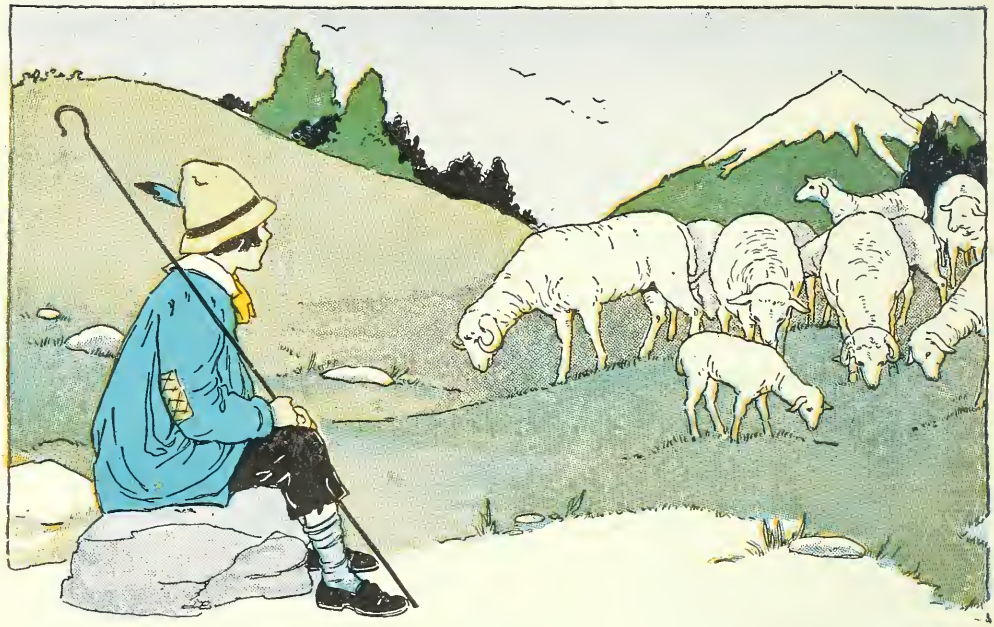
HANS AND THE WONDERFUL FLOWER

Something to Find Out.—Why the elf gave Hans a sack of precious stones.

I. WHY HANS WENT TO FIND THE BROWN HERB

In a far-away country there were once some hills that were full of elves. They often played queer tricks upon the people they did not like, but sometimes they were kind.

This is the story of how an elf once helped a little shepherd boy named Hans, who tended the King's sheep. Hans lived with his mother in a wee house, with a tiny garden about it. All they



owned in the world was the white goat that gave them milk to drink. Every day Hans drove the King's flocks to the valley, and watched them, and tended the lambs. When night came he drove them back to the sheepfold again.

Then, do you think that he played? No, indeed. All day his good mother had been busy spinning and cooking and sweeping; so Hans, when his day's work was done, cut the wood and milked the white goat and weeded the garden. They were busy and happy—Hans and his mother—but they were also very poor.

One day, when it was winter, the good mother grew so ill that she could not lift her head from the pillow. An old, old woman, who came to take care of her, said to Hans, "There is only one thing that will cure your mother; it is the little brown herb that grows at the top of the mountain. But I am afraid that you cannot get it, because the mountain is covered with ice and snow."

"Oh, I don't mind the snow," cried Hans. "I will gladly go and find the little brown herb if you will take good care of my mother while I look for it. I don't know how long I shall be gone."

So Hans kissed his good mother, strapped on his snow-shoes, took a strong stick, and started out to find the brown herb. Oh, but it was cold! The wind whistled through the tree-tops, and the sleet blew in Hans's face. The drifts of snow were so deep in some places that they nearly covered him; but on he tramped, pushing and poking about with his stick.

"I must find the brown herb!" Hans said over and over to himself.

Up the mountain he climbed to the very top, until he could see the river down below him. The crust on the snow was thick and hard, and his fingers ached. But he pounded with his stick, and stamped with his feet until he had broken through the crust to see if he could find the brown herb.

II. THE WONDERFUL FLOWER AND THE KIND ELF

All at once Hans came upon the most beautiful flower you ever saw, growing up through the snow. It was so white that it sparkled like a hundred snow crystals, and it had the sweetest perfume, like the breath of all the flowers of summer. It seemed to say, "Pick me, little boy."

Now Hans loved flowers more than anything else in the world. He reached out his hand for this beautiful one, but just then he seemed to see quite plainly his poor mother, waiting so ill at home. A little voice inside him said, "No, no, Hans; wait until you come back. Find the brown herb first."

So Hans left the beautiful flower and trudged on farther, poking about under the snow. Just as it

was growing dark he found the brown herb and put it joyfully into his pocket. He was hurrying home down the mountain side, when he remembered the white flower.

"Now I may pick it," he said to himself. But when he went back to the place where the wonderful flower had been, it was not there at all. In its place stood a wee little brown elf, bowing and taking off his hat to Hans.

"Don't be afraid," he said to the boy, smiling all over his wrinkled little face. "Come right in."

Then the strangest thing happened. The side of the mountain opened wide like a door! The little elf skipped along in front, to show the way, and Hans found himself in the most beautiful castle you ever saw. It was all so bright that it dazzled his eyes. From room to room they went, and in every room were piles and piles of precious stones—emeralds and rubies and pearls!

"Help yourself, Hans," said the elf, as he brought out a large sack. "Take as many of these precious stones as you like. A boy who is as good to his mother as you are deserves a present."



So Hans began to fill the sack with the emeralds, rubies, and pearls, and the elf kept telling him to take more and more. At last the sack was full, and suddenly Hans found himself in the snow again. He could not see even a crack in the ice to show where the little elf had stood.

The bag of precious stones, which Hans had slung over his shoulder, was heavy, but his heart was light, and he went home as fast as his snow-shoes would carry him.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, as he ran in and threw his arms about her. "See!" and he emptied the sack upon the floor. "We are not poor any more! And see!" he went on, as he pulled the brown herb from his pocket.

They made a broth with the brown herb, and as soon as the good mother tasted it she was quite well again. And the wonderful sack of jewels never grew empty as long as they lived.

— *Carolyn S. Bailey.*

THE LAND OF "I FORGOT"

Something to Find Out.—Why Louise never went back to the land of "I Forgot."

Louise was a very forgetful little girl. She sometimes forgot to wash her face in the morning. She forgot to fold her napkin before she left the table. She forgot to close the door, and she forgot to do the errand that her mother told her to do before school. In fact, she forgot many, many things that she ought to have remembered.



One day while she was out walking she met a kind-looking old gentleman, who asked her to walk with him a little way. His hair was white and long, and he wore a wide-brimmed hat.

He smiled and chatted in a very pleasant manner as they went along the roadway. Louise did not notice where she was until they were in a queer-looking village. There seemed to be only children in the village, and they were all doing such queer things.

One little boy was sweeping the steps of a house. Louise noticed that as soon as he had swept them

quite clean, the dirt would pile up, and he would have to sweep them all over again. Another boy was weeding a garden. But the weeds grew up just as fast as he pulled them out of the ground, and there were so many of them that Louise asked the old gentleman why the boy tried to clear the garden at all.

"There is a good reason for the queer things that you see in this village," said the old gentleman. "This is the land of 'I Forgot,' and all the children are making up the work they forgot to do. The boy who is sweeping forgot so many mornings to do his work before school that it will take him several weeks to catch up to the present time. The boy weeding the garden forgot to help his mother do the weeding each Saturday. Now he has a long row ahead of him."

The old gentleman led Louise into a house, and in one room there sat a little girl before a mirror combing her hair. It was a mass of tangles, and the little girl cried as she worked. "She forgot to comb her hair properly each day," the old gentleman told Louise.



In another room a little girl was playing the piano. "She forgot to practice for days and days," said the old gentleman.

They walked on and saw a boy picking up hats and hanging them on hooks; the hall was filled with hats. "This is the boy who forgot to put his hat in the right place when he came into the house," the old gentleman explained.

In another room a boy sat on the floor with piles of shoes around him. He was polishing them and placing them in neat rows. "I suppose he forgot to keep his shoes clean," said Louise.

"That is true," said the old gentleman.

"Oh, dear! what a lot of napkins!" said Louise, looking into another room.

"Yes," said the old gentleman; "there is a little girl behind that pile of napkins. She is folding them and placing them on a table. She always forgot to fold hers when she was through eating."

"Oh!" said Louise, and she felt her cheeks burn.

They went into the street and met a little girl running back and forth. "What did she forget?" asked Louise.

"She forgot to do the errands her mother told her to do, and she has a long way to run."

"In this house," said the old gentleman, as he opened a door, "are the children who forgot to pick up their toys and books."

"Oh! how terrible!" said Louise. There were so many things lying on the floor and tables and chairs that it looked like an endless task to pick them up.

"Will these children in the land of 'I Forgot' ever finish their work?" asked Louise.

"Oh yes!" answered the old man. "And as soon as they finish I shall let them return to their own homes again."

"*You* will let them?" said Louise in surprise. "Why, who are you?"

"My name is Memory," said the old gentleman. "And the land of 'I Forgot' is where I train the children who cannot remember to do each day the things they should do."

Then the kind old gentleman took Louise to the path that led out of the village, and said, "Good-bye, little girl. I may see you again some day."

"I do not think so," said Louise with a smile. "But I am very glad to have met you, and I hope that all the children will soon be able to return to their homes."

As Louise walked toward her own home, she thought to herself, "Well, I've had a very interesting afternoon. But never again will I be seen in the land of 'I Forgot.' "

— *Abbie Phillips Walker.*



DANDELION*

O Little Soldier with the golden helmet,
What are you guarding on my lawn?
You with your green gun
And your yellow beard,
Why do you stand so stiff?
There is only the grass to fight!

— *Hilda Conkling.*

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BENJY IN BEASTLAND

Something to Find Out.—Why Benjy became kind to animals.

I. WHY BENJY HAD NO FRIENDS

His name was Benjamin, but he was always called Benjy. Most boys are very nice, indeed. A kind and polite boy is a most charming companion, but Benjy, I am sorry to say, was not that kind of boy. He was ill-tempered and impolite. But the worst of all his faults was his cruelty to animals. He thought it great fun to hurt them and see them in pain. He threw stones at frogs and birds, and tied tin cans to dogs' tails.

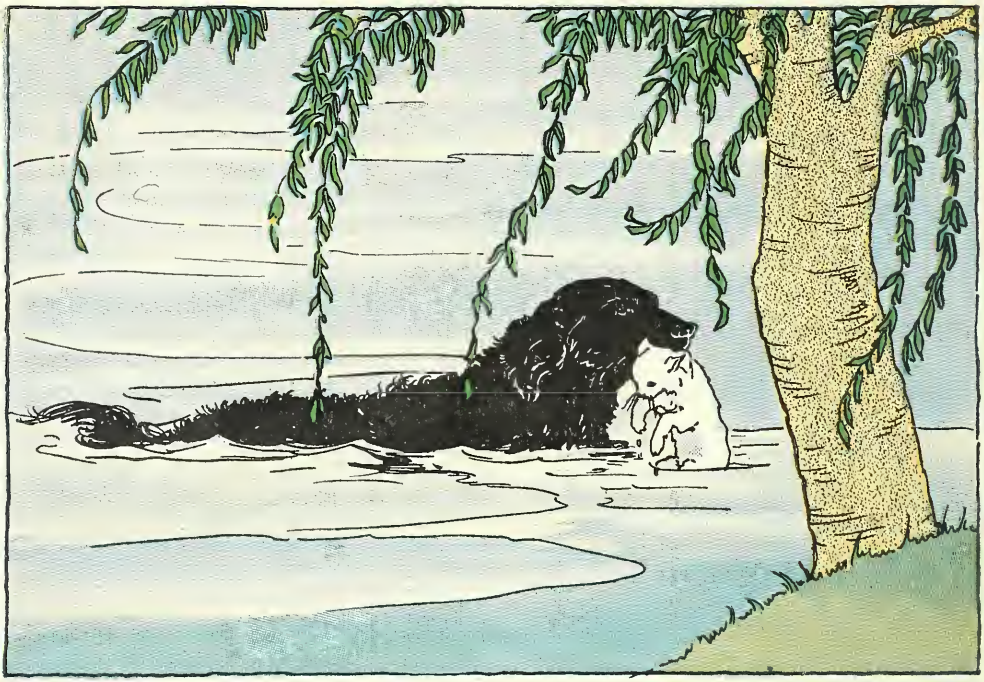
Of course, Benjy had no friends, because the other boys disliked him for his cruelty. So he spent all his time with Tom, the coachman's son, who was as cruel as Benjy himself. To be sure, he had two sweet little sisters, but he cared nothing for them except to tease them. They were very kind to him, and kept his garden in order for him, while

he played baseball. One little sister said, "Benjy does not care for us, because we are only girls. So we shall take Nox for our brother."

Nox was a big dog, as black as night, except for his paws, which were brown. Nox kept himself very clean, which Benjy did not do. He never came into the living room with muddy paws, and he was always gentle with the little girls.

Benjy did not like Nox, and Nox did not like Benjy. And this is the reason why. Near Benjy's home there was a deep, broad river with a willow tree hanging over the water. Here it was that Benjy and Tom, the coachman's boy, often threw an animal into the water to watch it drown. Now, Nox, being a good swimmer, never allowed any animal to drown if he could help it. He would jump into the water and rescue it, and then lay it on the bank under the willow tree.

Anything else that he saw in the water he would carry out, too—an old shoe, a broom handle, an old hat, or anything that did not belong in the water. The ground under the willow tree was always covered with all kinds of queer things that



Nox had rescued. He kept very close guard of that part of the river. Of course Benjy hated this.

There was another dog belonging to Benjy's father, a little brown terrier with stiff, coarse hair, small pointed ears, and a short tail. If Benjy had a kind feeling for any animal, it was for "Mister Rough," though that did not keep the boy from treating the terrier badly. He kicked him whenever he felt ill-tempered, but Mister Rough did not seem to mind hard knocks, and liked Benjy in spite of everything. No one could understand why.

One morning Benjy was in a very bad humor. He was ready for any kind of mischief. Perhaps he was not well. He was cross to everybody, and even played a mean trick on good old Nox.

Nox's favorite place in the house was on the rug before the open fire. He had had a good deal of exercise in the open air that morning, and so he came into the house and stretched himself out on the rug before the open fire. Soon he was fast asleep, and dreaming. You could tell that he was dreaming by the way he was twitching and making funny little noises in his throat.

Seeing Nox so comfortable and happy was too much for Benjy; he pulled a needle out of his mother's work-basket and began pricking Nox's lips with it. At first Nox would grunt a little, rub his lip with his paw, and then go to sleep again.

At last Benjy gave a very hard prick, which made Nox jump so quickly that the needle broke, and a piece was left in the poor dog's lip. Of course he whined with pain, and Benjy's two little sisters came running to him. The braver of the two held his lips and pulled out the needle. Nox

moaned with pain, but sat quite still. As soon as the needle was out, he licked the hands of his little friend.

After Benjy had treated Nox so cruelly, he went out to find Mister Rough. He knocked him around so unkindly that even Mister Rough ran away. Then Benjy saw Tom, the coachman's boy, throwing stones at a Scotch terrier that belonged to a neighbor. Of course Benjy joined in the chase. He threw a stone which struck the dog in the head, and he fell dead. That night Benjy sneaked out and threw the dead dog into the river.

II. HOW BENJY WENT TO BEASTLAND

When Benjy went to bed that night he could not sleep. He wished he had not thrown that dog into the river. It might get him into trouble, for he knew that if Nox found the Scotch terrier he would put him under the willow tree, where the owner would be sure to find him.

So Benjy got out of bed and ran down to the river. But he saw nothing of the terrier. Perhaps Nox had not been around yet.



Then Benjy looked up into the willow tree and saw the round, yellow moon looking down at him through the branches. It looked so big and so near that Benjy thought if he were sitting on a high branch he could touch it. Then he remembered reading a fairy-tale book which said that the moon was the home of all animals that had died.

Just then a queer thing happened. The Man in the Moon looked down at Benjy and said, "This is Beastland. Won't you come up? But perhaps you can't climb."

"Can't I!" said Benjy, and in three minutes he was at the top of the tree.

"Put out your feet, and walk in," he heard the Man in the Moon say. So Benjy stepped out, and found himself in Beastland. Truly it was a queer place.

The first animal he saw in Beastland, guarding the door, was a big dog with a crow sitting on his back. Benjy stared about him for a minute. Behind the dog and the crow he saw a field in which a cow and a horse were grazing; and flying around everywhere was a tell-tale-tit, the little bird that tells tales and carries news. We would call it tattle-tale.

As the Man in the Moon had gone away, Benjy thought he would walk around Beastland alone. Oh! it was a beautiful place! There were many more beasts than there are in a zoo, and they were all free. They did not eat each other, because a strange kind of short grass grew in Beastland that gave them all the food they wanted.

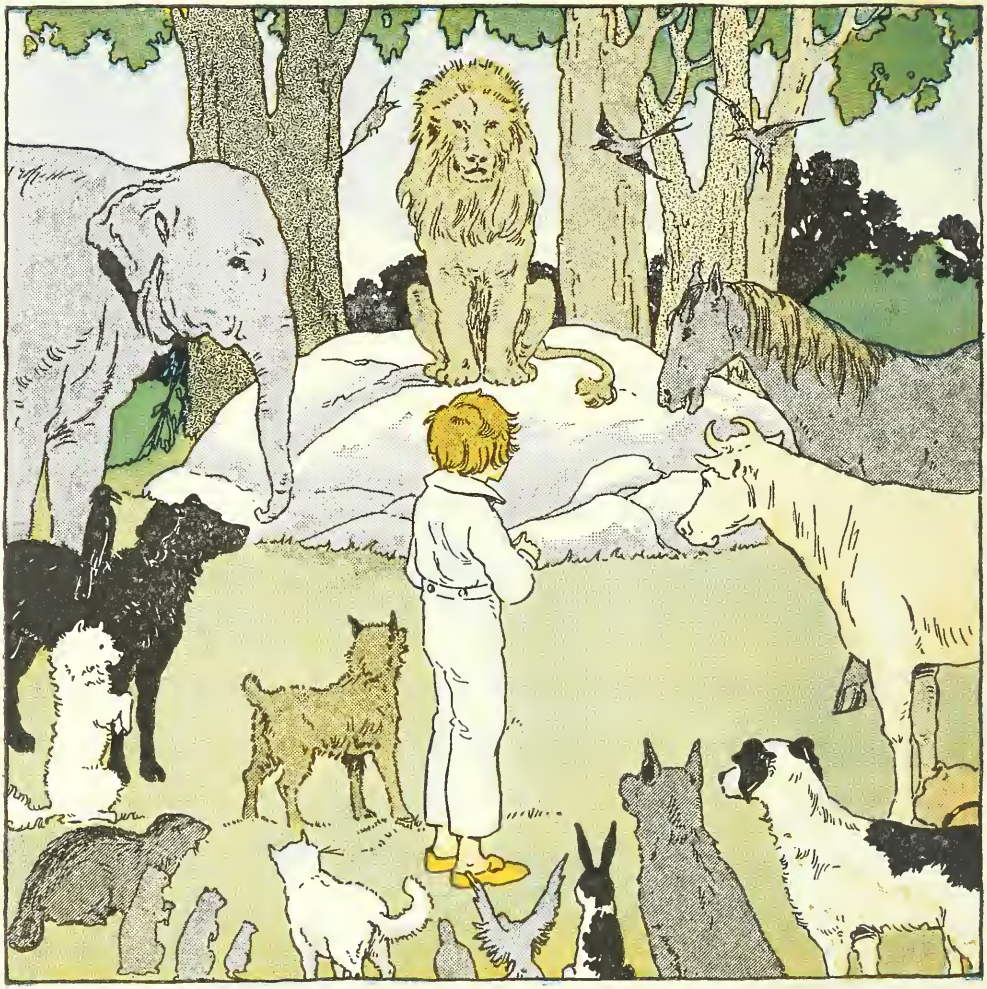
The beasts came in crowds and welcomed Benjy. The cats rubbed against his legs, the dogs wagged

their tails, and one French poodle "sat up" during the whole visit, just to be polite. The pigeons rested on his shoulders, and two swallows clung to his hat. By and by a wise old elephant came and knelt before Benjy; and Benjy got on his back and rode all around, the other animals following.

Then they took him to see the lions, who were very polite to him. He also saw the beavers and prairie dogs and many other small animals. He was having a fine time with a spider, who was trying to teach him to spin a web, when suddenly the tell-tale-tit came flying around. He flew first to one animal, and then to another, and whispered who Benjy was.

At once everything was changed. The animals looked very angry. "The monster!" they cried. "How terrible! Punish him! Punish him! Let us take him to the lion." And to the lion they took Benjy.

The lion shook his mane gently and said, "If I am to be the judge, the prisoner must have fair play." Then the animals formed a circle, with Benjy in the center.



"What is this boy being tried for?" asked the lion.

"He beats dogs, and kills cats," said one animal.

"Mister Rough kills the cats," said Benjy, who was much frightened.

"Send for Mister Rough," said the lion.

In a few minutes Mister Rough trotted into the circle and stood by Benjy's side.

"Mister Rough," said the lion, "the prisoner says it is you, and not he, who kills the cats."

"Bow-wow-wow!" said the terrier, as he jumped wildly about. "Whose fault is it? Who taught me to do it? That bad boy there. Bow-wow-wow!"

All the animals got more excited at this, and it took a loud roar from the lion to quiet them. Then he lashed his tail back and forth, and said, "Gentle beasts and birds, let us not treat this boy as cruelly as he has treated us. But we can no longer allow him to stay with us. Some of our dog friends say that he has tied tin kettles to their tails. Let some kettles be brought and fastened to Benjy, and let him be chased from Beastland."

III. HOW NOX SAVED BENJY

This was no sooner said than done, and Benjy, with an old tin kettle cutting his heels at every step, was chased from Beastland. He ran and ran until he reached the edge of the moon. Then he jumped off, Mister Rough jumping after him.

Down, down, down, they went—on and on and on. How long and far it seemed! In a little while it was no longer night. Morning had come and Benjy saw, right beneath him, the deep river. Before he could cry out, he and Mister Rough were both in the water.

Mister Rough could swim, and was soon on the shore; but Benjy could not swim, and in a few moments his head went under the water. Then he thought of all the cruel things he had done, and oh, how it made him hate himself! He wished he had not killed the Scotch terrier, and he wished most of all that he had not pricked the lip of kind old Nox. He remembered the day he had beaten a donkey, and the days he had been unkind to other animals. What a brute he had been!

Then he rose above the water, and there was the noble head of old Nox not three feet from him. He could see the clear brown eyes fixed eagerly upon him. Then the soft mouth seized Benjy with a firm hold, and Nox paddled with his broad brown paws to the shore. The brave dog had hard work of it, for Benjy was heavy. But he did not rest



until he had placed the boy under the willow tree beside an old basket and an old shoe. Then Nox shook himself and ran home.

IV. WHY THE ANIMALS GREW FOND OF BENJY

In a short while Benjy was found under the willow tree, and taken home. For a long time he was very ill, but at last he became well enough to tell about his visit to Beastland. Some of his family did not believe the story of his wonderful



visit. They thought that Benjy had fallen into the water from the willow tree, and that Nox had saved his life. They felt sure that the story of his visit to Beastland was only a bad dream.

Anyhow, Benjy believed that he had been to Beastland, and it made a very different boy of him. He and the beasts were always good friends after that.

During his weeks of illness Benjy's little sisters brought all kinds of animals and insects into his

sick room to amuse him, and he learned to love them all. There were butterflies and beetles and gold fish and turtles and all sorts of woolly caterpillars. Yes! and the little sisters' pet cat often slept on his bed, and brought him her kittens to play with. Oh! what a different boy was Benjy!

At last Benjy was able to come downstairs to the living room. He trembled all over when he thought of Mister Rough and Nox. "If *they* can forgive me," he said, "I shall feel that I am fit to keep a pet."

No one who has ever had a dog needs to be told how Mister Rough jumped all over him, or how Nox put one paw on each shoulder, and looked into Benjy's eyes, as much as to say, "I pulled you out of the water. Now let us be friends."

Benjy wept for joy, while his dog friends licked his hands to show how much they loved him.

— *Juliana Horatio Ewing.*



THE LAMPLIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready, and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And oh! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight!

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE FURNACE

At night I opened
The furnace door;
The warm glow brightened
The cellar floor.

The fire that sparkled,
  Blue and red,
Kept small toes cozy
  In their bed.

As up the stair
  So late I stole,
I said my prayer:
  "Thank God for coal!"

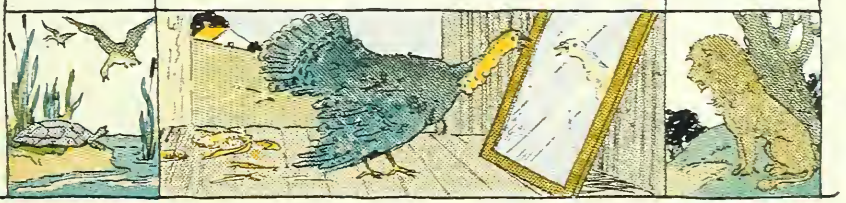
— *Christopher Morley.*



PART III

JUST FUN







THE BOY WHO WHACKED THE WITCH'S TOADSTOOLS

Something to Find Out.—What the witch did to the little boy.

Once there was a little boy who had a wooden sword. One day he went out into the fields to whack the thistles. On the way he saw a great many white toadstools, and just for fun he knocked them all down with his wooden sword.

When the old witch, who had made the toadstools for the goblins to sit on, came along and saw what the boy had done, she cried for half an hour. Then she rode back to the place where she lived and got some witch-salve that she had made. That night, when the little boy was fast asleep, she jumped upon a broom-stick and rode to his house. Down the chimney she went into his room and rubbed the witch-salve all over him.

Of course the little boy was fast asleep and knew nothing about it. In the morning when his mother



came into his room to see why he did not get up, she could not find him anywhere. All at once he jumped from under the bed, and to her great surprise she saw that he had been turned into a little monkey. He chattered and chattered as he jumped about on the bed. His mother put a belt around his waist; then she tied a rope to the belt and fastened him to the bed.

He sat on the foot of the bed all day. When night came he went to sleep, and his mother tucked him in his little bed as usual. She hoped that

something would happen before morning to change him back to a little boy.

In the morning when his mother came into his room she heard a strange noise. It sounded as if someone said, "Knee-deep! Knee-deep! You'll drown! You'll drown!" To her surprise she found that the little monkey was gone, and in his place was a great green frog. The frog jumped about on the floor, and into the washbowl, and into the pitcher. When he jumped into the pitcher he couldn't get out, and so he stayed there all day. At night when he went to sleep, his mother took him out of the pitcher and tucked him in his little bed.

In the morning when his mother came near his room, she heard something calling, "Hoo, hoo, hoo!" She thought that she would like to know "who," and so she went into his room to find out. The frog was gone; in his place there was a little bird with a long hooked bill and big round eyes. It was a little owl, and it called out, "Hoo, hoo, hoo!" all the time.

His mother took him in her arms, and soon he was fast asleep, for owls sleep all day long.

She tucked him in his little bed, and then she went away. But in the night-time she heard him calling, "Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

The next morning she went into his room again, hoping that she would find her own dear little boy. But instead she heard something that kept grunting, "Ugh, ugh!" And there in the bed, jumping about on the clean white sheets, was a little spotted pig.

His mother thought that was just a little too much for her. So she picked up the pig in her arms and put him into the bathtub. Then she rubbed him and scrubbed him, and rubbed him and scrubbed him, while he squealed and squealed. But his mother kept scrubbing him until she had rubbed off all the witch-salve, and then all at once her own little boy stood before her again. He looked just the same as he had looked before all the trouble began. His mother took him in her arms and kissed him.

And ever since then, whenever the little boy has his wooden sword at his side, he always keeps away from toadstools. One day when he saw the old

witch she asked him how he had turned into a little boy again. But he said he would never tell her that. No; never.

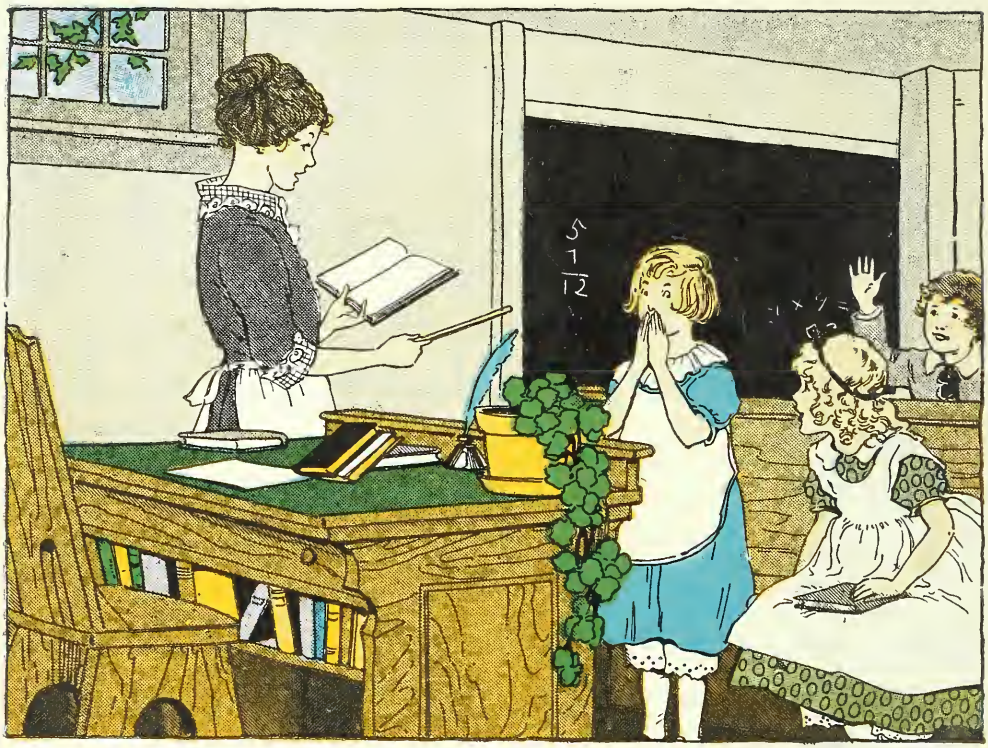
— *David Starr Jordan.*

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE

Something to Find Out.—What laughable mistake Dorothy made.

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward, too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother my head—
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.



Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always
acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly
laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now,
Dorothy, tell if you can";
For I thought of my doll and—sak[illegible]live!—
I answered, "Mary Ann!"

—*An[illegible]y tt.*
in [illegible]aw[illegible]
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THE ANIMALS AND THE MIRROR

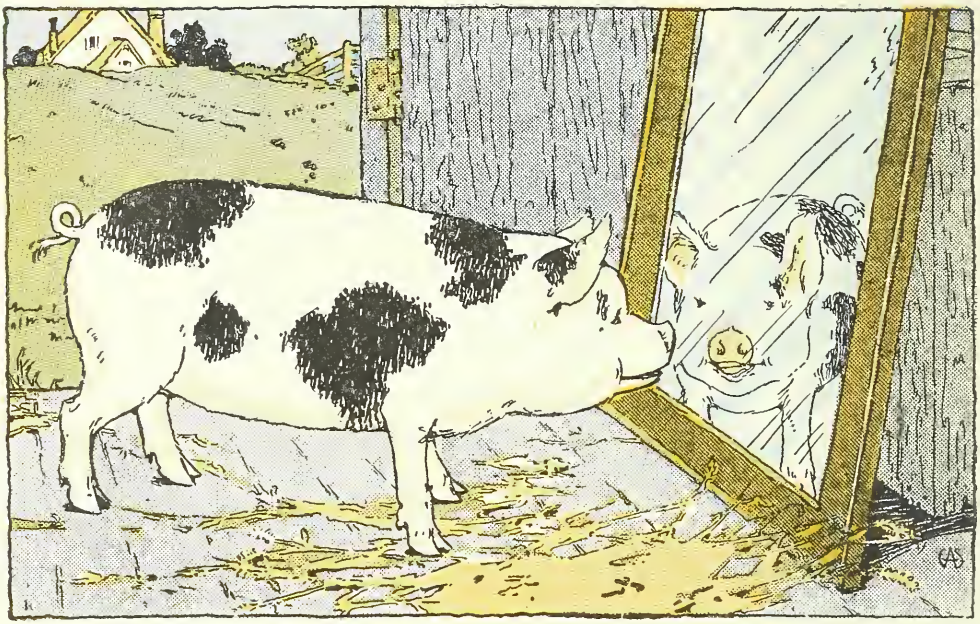
Something to Find Out.—Why the cat and the dog laughed at the other animals.

Aunt Susan had an old-fashioned looking-glass that she did not want any longer. So she sent it to the barn to be put in the hay-loft with some other old furniture. The farmer's boy placed it against a box on the floor of the barn and left it until he should have time to carry it up the ladder.

After a while an old duck wandered into the barn and caught sight of herself in the mirror.

"There is another duck," she said to herself. "I wonder who she is." She walked toward the mirror. "She is rather friendly," said the old duck. "See! she is walking toward me. My! what large feet she has. But her feathers are very handsome. Goodness!" she said, as she bumped into the mirror; "if th[illegible]k isn't in a glass case! Why are you in t[illegible]h [illegible]Well, you needn't answer if you don't wa[illegible]e a[illegible]y[illegible]he said crossly, walking away. "A glass

"Hush!"[illegible]od place for [illegible]."



Just then a pig came along and, looking around, walked in front of the mirror.

"What are you doing in here?" he asked, thinking he saw another pig. His nose hit the glass, and he jumped back in surprise. "So you are in a glass pen! You are not very handsome, and your nose is not so big as mine. I cannot see why you should have a glass pen." And away he trotted to tell the other pigs about the very plain-looking pig in a glass pen.

Pussy came along next and walked in front of the mirror. She had seen a mirror before and knew

that she was a handsome cat. At that moment she saw the dog coming through the door, and so she walked away. Pussy did not want the dog to think her vain. The dog walked over to the mirror and sniffed at it, and then looked foolish. He had seen a mirror before, but not so often as puss.

"You thought it was another dog, didn't you?" laughed pussy. "Here comes the donkey. Let us hide behind those barrels and see what he does."

The donkey walked up to the mirror. "Well, if they haven't got another donkey!" he said. "I suppose I should speak first, as I have lived here so long. He is coming to meet me. That is what I call friendly."

Bump! His nose hit the glass.

"Well, I declare!" he said. "You are in a glass case. You are an ugly creature, and your ears are not nearly so long as mine." So saying he walked proudly away.

The cat rolled over and over with laughter, and the dog buried his head in his paws.

"Did you ever see anything so funny?" he said.

"Hush!" puss replied. "Here is the rooster."

The rooster stopped quite still when he saw what he thought was another rooster in the mirror. "Well, where did you come from?" he asked, ruffling up his feathers. He walked straight to the mirror and flew at the other rooster.

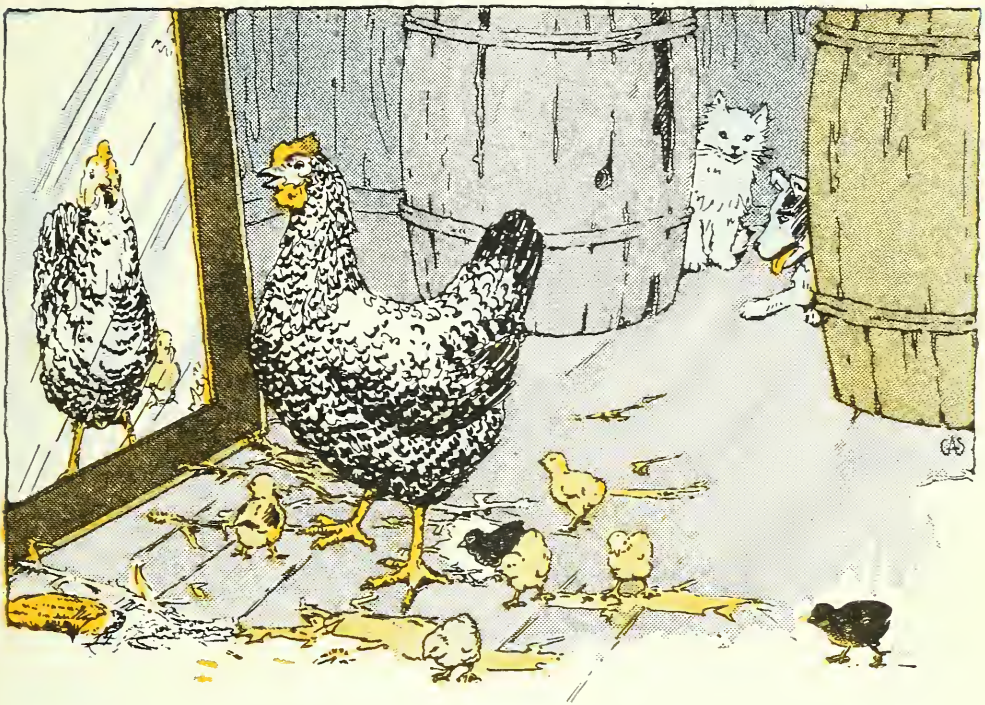
Bang! He went up against the glass.

"So you are in a glass case, are you?" he said, as he stretched out his neck and looked fierce. "Well, you ought to be; you are a sight. Your feathers are ruffled, and you are not half so handsome as I am." And off he walked, quite well pleased with himself.

"Oh, dear!" laughed the cat. "I certainly shall scream. Each thinks that he is far more handsome than his likeness in the mirror. Here comes the turkey gobbler."

The turkey walked slowly over to the mirror and looked in it. "Where in the world did they get you?" he said. "You are an old, bald-headed bird, aren't you? And your feathers need oiling. You look like a last year's turkey." And off he strutted.

The cat and the dog leaned against a barrel and laughed until the tears ran down their faces.



"Keep still," said the dog. "Here come the speckled hen and her chickens."

Speckled hen walked around picking up bits of corn, and clucking to her little chickens. Suddenly she looked up and saw herself in the mirror. "Mercy!" said she, walking toward the mirror. "There is another hen with her chicks."

Click! Her bill hit the glass.

"Well, if she isn't in a glass coop!" she said, stepping back. "If master has brought her and those chicks to this farm to live, there will be

trouble. Mercy! One of the chicks is bow-legged, and all of them are ugly." And she clucked to her chicks and walked out of the barn.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the dog with a laugh. "They all say the same thing. They surely think a great deal of themselves. Here comes the goose."

The goose waddled over to the mirror. "Well, well! If here isn't a new goose!" she said. "And she is walking toward me. I must be friendly."

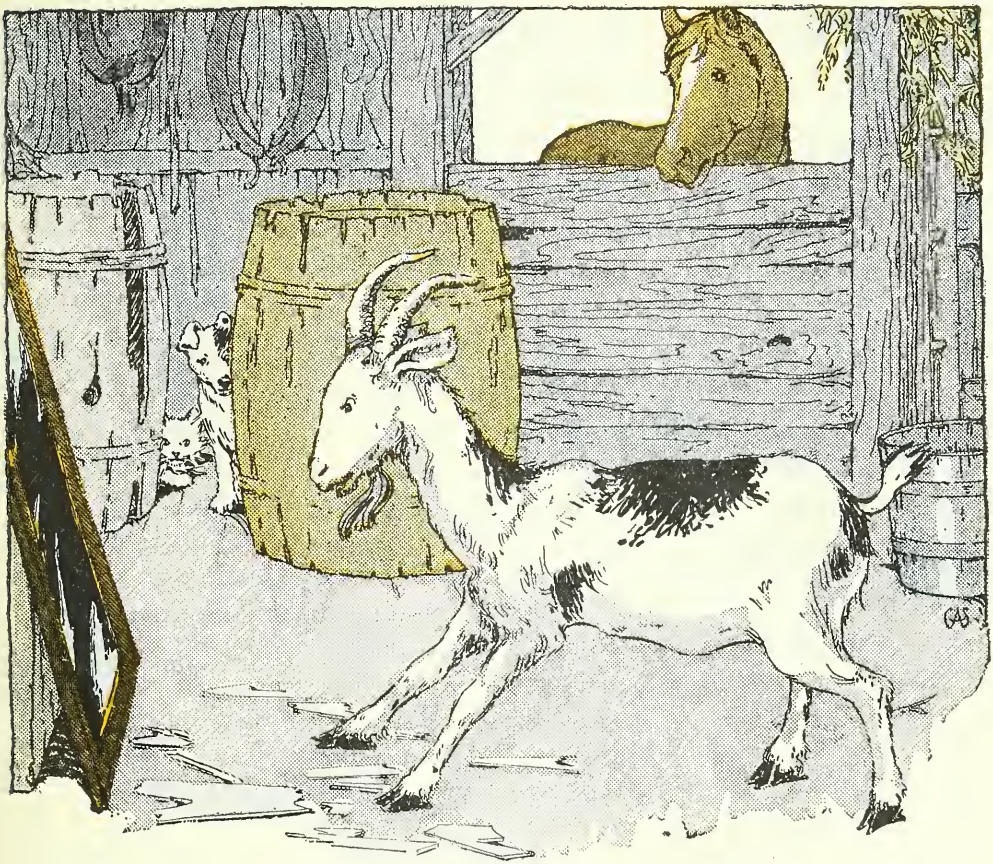
Snap! Her bill struck the mirror.

"Oh, you are in a glass box!" she said. "Have you come to stay?" She stretched out her neck. "My, but you have a nice, long neck!" she said, "and your feathers are smooth and clean. I suppose you cannot hear in that box," she said, nodding good-bye. The other goose, of course, nodded also, and goosey went away quite satisfied.

"She is not so much of a goose as the others," said puss.

"Sh—! The peacock is coming," said the dog.

In walked the peacock. Seeing another bird, as he supposed, he spread his tail as wide as he could. He walked about, but never a word did he say.



"Now what do you think of that?" asked the dog. "Did he know that he was looking in a mirror, or was he too proud to speak to another bird?"

"Indeed, I do not know!" said the cat. "But here comes the goat. Hide, hide!"

Billy came clattering over the boards, when all at once he saw the other goat. He looked at him a minute. "I'll show him!" he said, running at the mirror with his head down.

Bang! Crash! Smash! And Billy jumped back. He was the most surprised goat that you ever saw.

"Now you have done it," said the horse, who had been watching all the time from his stall. "All the animals will get out now and run away."

"What are you talking about?" said the dog, who was laughing so hard that he could scarcely sit up. "There are no animals in there. That is a looking-glass. You see yourself when you stand in front of it."

"Do you mean to tell me that all of those animals have been looking at themselves, and finding fault with their own looks?" asked the horse, in great surprise.

"Of course," said the cat. "Can't you see that Billy has smashed it?"

"Well, that is the best joke I ever heard," said the horse, laughing. "I wish I had known that was a looking-glass before Billy broke it. I should very much like to see how I look."

"You might not know yourself," said the dog. "The others didn't."

— *Abbie Phillips Walker.*

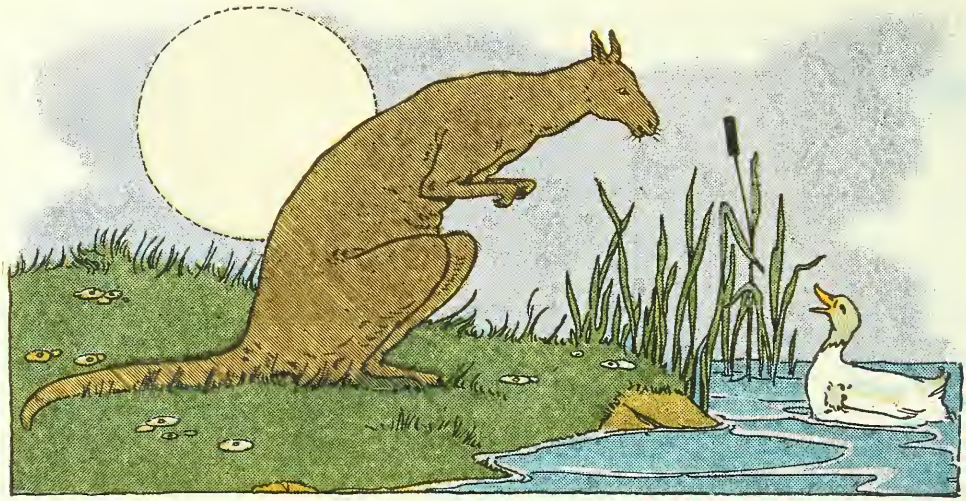


THE BAT AND THE PUP

Head downward hung the bat;
  He looked on field and town.
"It's plain," he chattered, "that
  The world is upside down!"

"How funny!" laughed the pup;
  "But then, it isn't true.
The world is right side up;
  What's upside down, is *you!*"

— *Arthur Guiterman.*



THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO

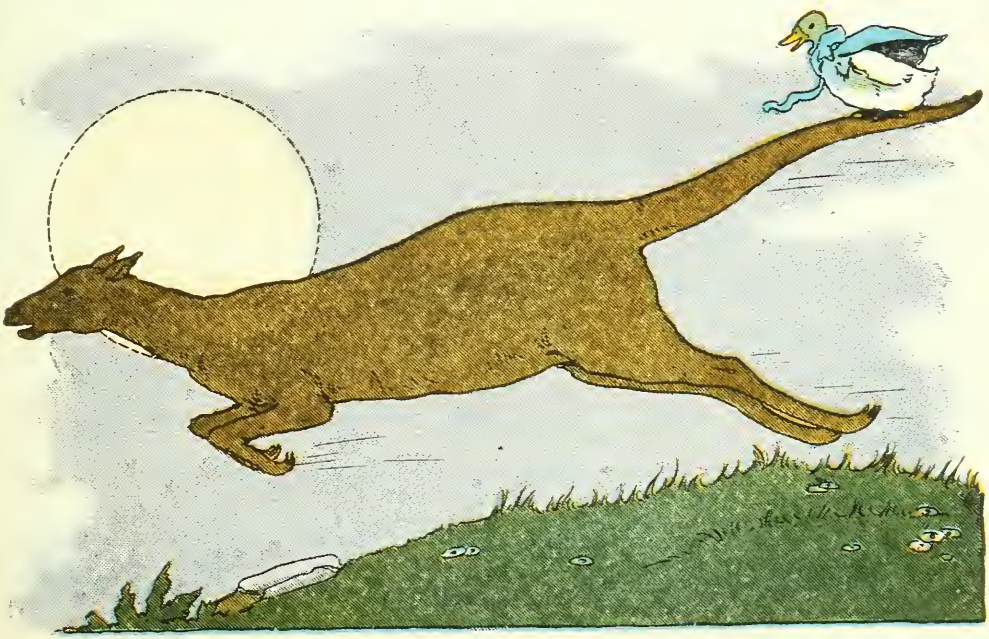
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good gracious! how you hop
Over the fields and the water, too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
And I long to go out in the world beyond;
I wish I could hop like you,"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

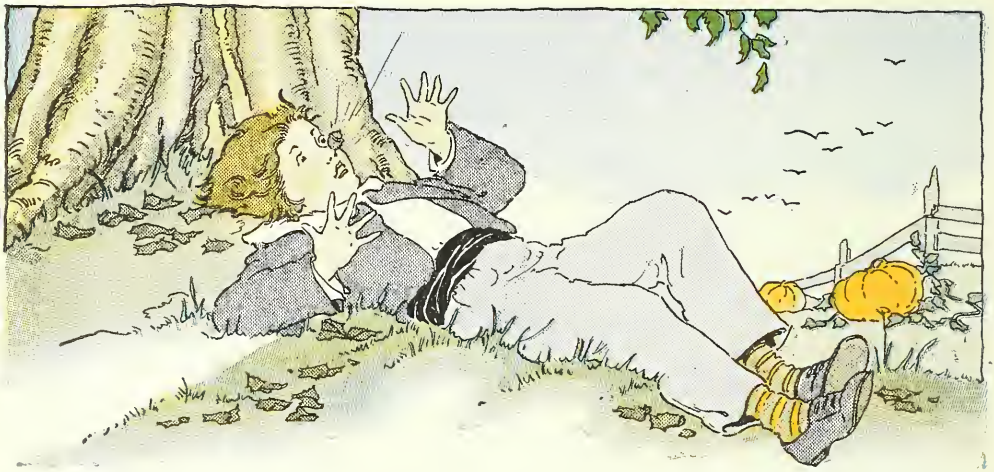
"Please give me a ride on your back,"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo;
"I would sit quite still, and say nothing but
'Quack'
The whole long day through.

And we'd go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
  Over the land and over the sea;
Please take me a ride! Oh, do!"
  Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready,
  All in the moonlight pale;
And to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady,
  And quite at the end of my tail."
So away they went with a hop and a bound;
  And they hopped the whole world three times round.
And who so happy, oh! who,
  As the Duck and the Kangaroo?

— *Edward Lear.*





THE PUMPKIN AND THE ACORN

Something to Find Out.—Why the boy was glad that pumpkins grow on the ground.

One pleasant autumn day a boy was lying on his back under a big oak tree. He was thinking and thinking. Not far away he saw a big yellow pumpkin growing on a vine. Then looking up into the tree he saw thousands of little brown acorns clinging to the branches.

"How foolish it seems," he said to himself, "to see a big, strong oak tree bearing tiny acorns, while a weak little vine bears great pumpkins. The oak tree would be beautiful with bright yellow pumpkins growing on it, and the little acorns would

look much better on the vine. It seems to me the world is topsy-turvy."

While he was thinking these funny thoughts he fell asleep. Soon afterwards, a breeze sprang up and shook the tree until one of the acorns dropped plump upon the boy's nose.

How he jumped and rubbed his nose! "Well, well," he said; "perhaps it isn't so foolish, after all, for pumpkins to grow on vines, and acorns to grow on trees. Just suppose that little acorn had been a big pumpkin. Oh! Oh! Oh! My poor nose!"

—*Jean de la Fontaine.*

THE FOOLISH KING

Something to Find Out.—How the King showed that he was foolish.

In a far away country there was once a foolish King who made very silly laws. One law forbade the people to talk in a loud voice, and another said that even the animals must not make a noise.

One day a big frog croaked very loud. One of

the soldiers at the palace caught the frog, and took it before the King.

"Don't you know that there is a law forbidding animals to make a noise?" asked the King.

"Yes, Your Majesty," answered the frog, "but I could not help laughing when I saw the snail carrying his house on his back. It was the snail's fault, and not mine."

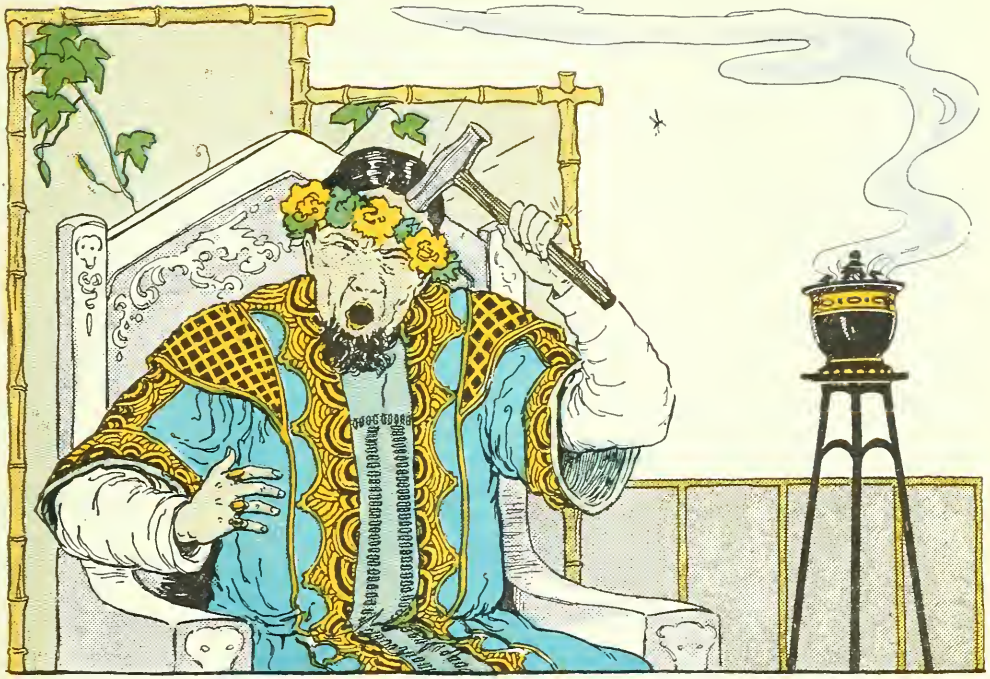
This seemed a good answer, and so the King sent for the snail. "Why do you always carry your house on your back?" asked the King. "You look so foolish that the frog laughed out loud, and that is against the law."

The snail answered, "Your Majesty, I carry my house upon my back because I am afraid the firefly will burn it if I don't have it with me."

Then the King ordered the firefly to be brought before him. "Why do you carry fire with you wherever you go?" asked the King.

"Because, Your Majesty, the mosquito will bite me if I do not carry a fire with me," said the firefly.

This answer also seemed a good one to the King,



and so he sent for the mosquito. "Why are you always trying to bite somebody?" asked the King.

"Because, O King, I cannot live without biting somebody," said the mosquito.

This answer made the King so angry that he decided to kill the mosquito. Just as he picked up his mallet to strike him, the mosquito alighted on the King's forehead. The foolish King gave himself a hard blow on the head, while the mosquito flew laughing away. And he still bites people whenever he is hungry.

— *Philippine Tale.*

THE TALKATIVE TURTLE

Something to Find Out.—Why the turtle did not finish his journey.

Once there was a turtle who never stopped talking except to draw a long breath. Then he would begin again and talk as long as that breath lasted! Oh! it was very tiresome to hear him chatter, chatter, all day long.

One day two wild ducks flew to the pond where the turtle lived. After resting and feeding there for several days, they decided to finish their journey.

"Where are you going?" the turtle asked the ducks, when he saw them getting ready to leave.

"We are going to fly far, far away to another country," they answered.

"Oh, please take me with you," said the turtle. "I have always wanted to travel. It is very dull here in this pond when there is nobody to talk to."

The ducks agreed to take the turtle if he would not say a word during the whole journey. The turtle promised not to open his mouth.



The next day the ducks brought a stick and told the turtle to take hold of it in the middle with his mouth. Then the two ducks each took an end in his bill, and away they flew up into the air with the turtle dangling between them. Swiftly they flew over forests and rivers and lakes.

The ducks were very quiet. They did not once say, "Quack, quack!" The turtle was quiet, too, though he wanted to say a number of things.

After a while they flew over a village, and the people ran out into the street to see the strange sight. "Oh, see!" cried a young girl; "two wild ducks are carrying a turtle on a stick. Doesn't he look funny?"

This was too much for the turtle, and he called out angrily, "What business is it of yours if my friends want to take me on a pleasant journey?"

When he opened his mouth, down, down, down, he tumbled into the village street.

"Well, my friend," said one of the villagers, "it would be a good thing for you to learn that there is a time to talk and a time to be silent."

— *A Tale from East India.*

THE LION

The Lion, the Lion, he dwells in the waste;
He has a big head and a very small waist;
But his shoulders are stark, and his jaws they are grim,
And a good little child will not play with him.

— *Hilaire Belloc.*

MR. RABBIT'S BIG DINNER

Something to Find Out.—Why Mr. Dog did not get in to the party.

I. THE HAPPY GUESTS

Once upon a time Mr. Coon, Mr. Possum, and Mr. Crow lived in a big Hollow Tree. One day an invitation from Jack Rabbit came to the Hollow Tree, asking the three friends to dine with him the next day. Mr. Turtle was to be there, too, Jack Rabbit said, and he asked them all to come early, so as to have a nice long afternoon.

Mr. Coon, Mr. Possum, and Mr. Crow talked all evening about the invitation and about what they were going to wear.

In the morning they all got up long before daylight, and Mr. Possum looked out first. He called to the others that there had been a light snow in the night, but that it was clear now and just cold enough to give a fellow a good appetite. He was going to eat a light breakfast, he said, so as to be ready for a big dinner.

They were all dressed and ready long before it was time to go, but they managed to wait until about ten o'clock. Then they started off.

Mr. Jack Rabbit had got up early, too, that morning, and had the table almost set when they came. He had his sleeves rolled up and an apron on, and the way he was flying around and getting ready was a sight. Mr. Coon and Mr. Crow sat down in the parlor, and looked at some books that they found on the table. But Mr. Possum was so hungry after his light breakfast that he could not keep out of the kitchen. He stood around and asked Jack Rabbit where he got his chickens, and if he had any trouble getting his biscuits to rise in cold weather.

Then Mr. Possum tasted of everything, a great big taste, making believe he wanted to see just how it was made, but really because he was almost starved, and couldn't wait.

Well, pretty soon Mr. Turtle came in, and when everything was on the table they all sat down. Mr. Possum had tasted so much in the kitchen that he wasn't so starved as the Coon and the Crow, and behaved very politely.



II. HOW MR. DOG BROKE UP THE PARTY

They were all too busy to say much at first, but soon they got to talking and telling stories. Jack Rabbit told about the time Mr. Dog had chased him home, and how he had kept Mr. Dog sitting out on the porch all the afternoon waiting for dinner to be ready. They all laughed at that. Then Mr. Coon and Mr. Possum said that Mr. Dog thought they were afraid of him, too, but the first time they got a chance they were going to show him a few things that would open his eyes. That made Mr. Crow laugh till he coughed and strangled, and

when Mr. Rabbit said that *he* wasn't afraid of Mr. Dog either, Mr. Turtle laughed very hard, too. Then Mr. Coon and Mr. Possum and Mr. Jack Rabbit all pounded on the table, and said, "Just show us Mr. Dog, and you'll see whether we're afraid or not."

Right then, as they said these words, there came a loud knock, and a great big bow! wow! wow! at the door. Poor Mr. Jack Rabbit fell over backward, Mr. Coon upset his coffee, and Mr. Possum, being stuffed so full that he could hardly move, rolled under the table and fainted dead away.

As Mr. Dog is a good friend of the Crow and the Turtle, they weren't afraid of him. Pretty soon Mr. Rabbit hopped over to the door and in a weak voice said, "Mr. Dog, is that you out there?"

Mr. Dog said it was, and that he had seen all the tracks in the snow, and just thought he'd like to take a hand in that big dinner himself. That made the hair on Mr. Coon's head stand right straight up, and Mr. Possum, who had rolled under the table, gave a groan and crawled over behind a long curtain, where he fainted again.

Mr. Rabbit thought a little minute and then said, very politely: "It's just too bad, Mr. Dog; I declare it is. But we've just got up from the table, and there isn't a thing left. Besides, Mr. Possum had a sick spell a minute ago, and we're all upside down."

But Mr. Dog said he wasn't afraid but that there'd be plenty for him to eat, and that he was a pretty good hand with sick folks himself. Then he gave another great loud bark and said:

"You fooled me once, but you'll fool me no more,
So lift up the latch and open the door!"

Mr. Dog talks poetry that way sometimes when he gets excited. But Jack Rabbit said he really couldn't think of inviting him in, with everything upset, and that it would be after sundown before he'd be ready for him. Of course, he said, Mr. Dog couldn't wait that long, he knew.

Then Mr. Dog said that his folks were away from home now, and that he could stay there all night if he wanted to. Then he gave another great big bow! wow! wow! and said:

"You fooled me once, but you can't again;
Open the door or I'll break it in!"

Jack Rabbit and Mr. Coon both jumped when they heard that, and Mr. Possum almost died. Just then Mr. Dog gave a big run and a jump against the door, and it opened a little, so that the Rabbit could see Mr. Dog's yellow legs and tail. When Mr. Jack Rabbit saw that, he let out a whoop and jumped up on the top shelf of his china closet. Mr. Possum jumped up and ran around the room and fainted in two or three different places, and Mr. Coon climbed up the Rabbit's new lace curtains and hung on to the pole. The Crow and the Turtle just kept still.

III. WHY MR. DOG HAD TO STAY OUTSIDE

Pretty soon Mr. Dog came, bang! against the door again, and this time a good deal harder than before. It opened a wider crack, for Mr. Dog had jumped against it backward as hard as ever he could. And right there Mr. Dog made a mistake. For in just that little second while the crack was open the end of his tail got in it, and the door smacked right shut on it, and there he was, caught fast!

Poor Mr. Dog! The harder he pulled the tighter it pinched, and he howled like a good fellow. You

wouldn't have thought that such a little bit of his tail would make him howl so loud, but it did; and he couldn't get far enough away from the door to jump against it again.

Well, when Mr. Rabbit saw that Mr. Dog couldn't get in, he came down out of the china closet as cool as you please. Mr. Possum said his sick spell had passed off, and the Coon came down from the curtain and said that he always liked to take a little exercise during a heavy meal that way. Then they had dessert, and all the time Mr. Dog was making a big fuss outside. By and by he began to beg and promise anything if they'd just let him loose.

Mr. Rabbit called out to him that, since his folks were away now, he needn't be in any hurry, and that he might just as well stay there all night if he wanted to.

Well, pretty soon the Coon and the Possum said they must be going. So Mr. Rabbit let them out of the back door. They went around and said good-bye to Mr. Dog and hoped he was having a nice time. Mr. Dog told them, with tears in his eyes, that he was sorry to see them go and that he hoped to meet them



again. Then the Coon and the Possum both laughed and took a good look at Mr. Dog, for they had never been so close to him before in their lives. They kept on laughing and looking around as far as they could see, and said that it was the best joke they had ever heard of.

By and by the Crow and the Turtle bade Mr. Rabbit good-bye and said they'd had a nice time, and went out by the back door, too. When it was shut and locked tight Jack Rabbit told Mr. Dog that if he'd promise to go right home and behave himself, he'd let him loose. Mr. Dog promised, and asked Mr.

Rabbit please to hurry. Then Jack Rabbit got a stick of wood and pried the door open a little wider, and Mr. Dog's tail came out just as the Turtle and the Crow stepped around the corner of Mr. Rabbit's house.

They walked along with him and said they were sorry and thought it was too bad the way he had been treated. Mr. Crow said he'd have Mr. Dog over to the Hollow Tree for supper before long, which would be a good joke on the Coon and Possum, because they'd have to stay locked in their rooms. That made Mr. Dog feel a little better, but he didn't have much to say. He didn't even look around when Mr. Jack Rabbit sat up in his window and called after him:

"I fooled you once and I fooled you twice,
If you come again I'll fool you thrice!"

For Jack Rabbit could make up fine poetry, too, sometimes when he felt well.

—*Albert Bigelow Paine.*

WISHES

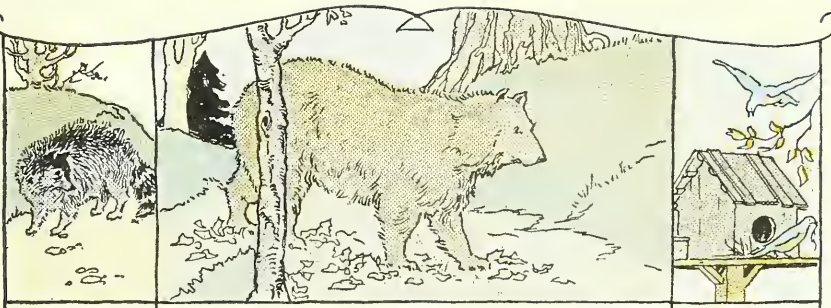
I wish I liked rice pudding;
I wish I were a twin;
I wish some day a real live fairy
Would just come walking in.

I wish when I'm at table
My feet would touch the floor;
I wish our pipes would burst next winter,
Just as they did next door.

I wish that I could whistle
Real proper, grown-up tunes;
I wish they'd let me sweep the chimneys
On rainy afternoons.

I've got such heaps of wishes,
I've only said a few;
I wish that I could wake some morning
And find they'd all come true!

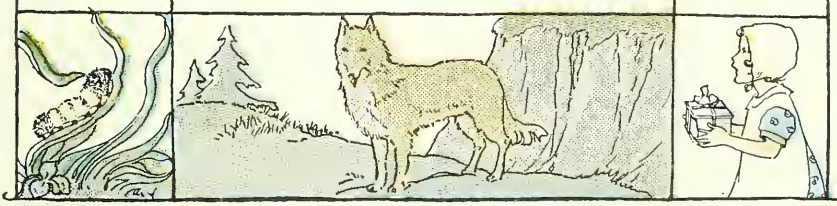
—*Rose Fyleman.*



PART IV

STORIES AND POEMS OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS







MY NEIGHBORS, THE COONS

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how much you can learn about raccoons.

I. HOW I FOUND THE COONS

One day as I was walking very quietly along the bank of a stream, I saw not far ahead of me a brownish-gray animal which at first I thought was a cat. But it was larger than a cat, and it did not walk like one. It walked with a rocking motion, more like a little bear. Its tail was not all of one color. The tip was black, then there was a ring of brown, then a ring of black, and so on for the whole length.

And the animal had such a funny little face. There were dark markings around the eyes, which made it look as if it had on a large pair of spectacles. Perhaps by this time you have guessed that I was watching a raccoon, or coon, as we often call it in the country.



As the coon walked along I saw that it had a mouse in its mouth. When it reached the stream, it took the mouse in its clever little paws, popped it into the water, and began to wash it. For some reason raccoons usually wash their food before they eat it.

As soon as the mouse was well washed, it was eaten, and the raccoon went back into the forest from which he had come.

A few days later, when Mrs. Baynes and I were out in the woods, we came to an old hollow tree. The bark had been scratched by strong claws, and there were brown-and-black hairs clinging to it. We were pretty sure that raccoons lived in that tree, and so we knocked on the trunk with a stick to see if there was anyone at home.

In answer to our knock a big mother coon rushed out of a large hole in the trunk, and went to the top of the tree. Then I climbed up and looked into the hole. There I saw two—four—six—eight shining spots—the bright eyes of four baby coons. No doubt they had been lying down with their mother when we knocked, but now they were on their feet, looking up at me.

I put my hand into the hole and lifted one of the furry little fellows by the back of his neck. No one but his mother had ever picked him up before, and he kicked and hissed to show me that he didn't like it. But when I brought him out into the sunlight, he didn't seem to mind very much, and so I invited the family to my house for a few weeks, and carried them over in a basket.

II. THE LITTLE COONS IN MY HOUSE

The little coons had a large box all to themselves, and I gave them a thick bed of sweet hay, in which they rolled and kept themselves perfectly clean. But they were not in the box all the time. They were allowed to walk about the house and out into the garden. Everything was new to them, and it was great fun to see them looking at the flowers and ferns and grasses, and smelling them and feeling them with their paws.

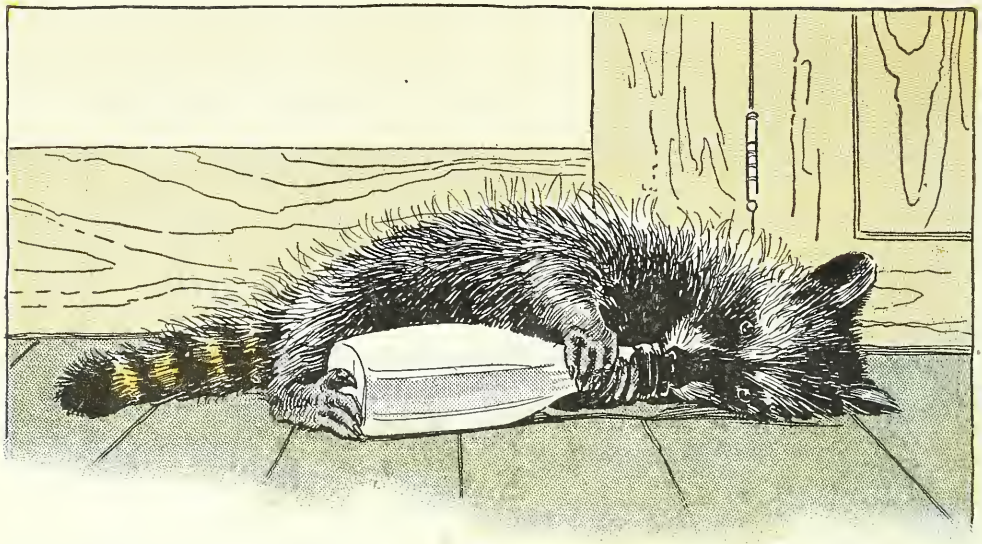
There was a little brook not far away, and they loved to play by the side of it. They would paddle in the shallow water, and feel around on the bottom to see what they could find there. Of course they got very wet and muddy, but as soon as they were given a new bed of hay, they rolled around in it until they were all clean again.

When they were running about in the house they wanted to see and touch everything and find out all about it. And sometimes they found out more than they wanted to. One day a little coon climbed on to the kitchen table, where he saw a piece of

paper covered with something which looked almost exactly like molasses. But it wasn't molasses at all; it was sticky fly-paper, and when he sniffed at it, it stuck to the end of his nose. He put out a paw to pull it off, but it stuck to his paw as well. Then he tried the other paw, and the fly-paper stuck to that.

Finally, when the coon made a quick turn, his tail was caught. The poor little fellow was so frightened that he rolled off the table and all around the floor. When I went to help him he was curled up in a corner with the paper so closely wrapped around him that he looked like a parcel ready for the post. I quickly set him free and washed him, and I never saw any little coon so glad to run back to his brothers.

At first we fed the coons on cow's milk, and we found that the best way to give it to them was with a baby's bottle. They were so fond of milk that when they were being fed they didn't mind a bit whether they were held right side up or wrong side up. If we tried to take the bottle away from one of them when he was sucking it, he would



cling to the nipple so tightly with his teeth and paws that we could lift him off the ground with it. Sometimes one of the little coons would run off with the bottle, and when he came to a quiet spot would lie down with it and take his supper in real comfort.

But before long my little guests began to eat solid food. They liked cake and jam and berries and insects, and once they found a nest of wild mice and gobbled them all up. At last when I felt quite sure that they could get along very well without any help from me, I took them back to their old home, and bade them good-bye and good luck.

— *Ernest Harold Baynes.*

JOHNNY BEAR AND OTHER WINTER SLEEPERS

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how much you can learn about the way some animals spend their winters.

I. HOW BEARS SPEND THEIR WINTERS

Johnny Bear is born in February down under the ground in the dark, in his mother's winter sleeping room. But before I tell you about Johnny Bear and his sister, I shall have to tell you something of their mother, so that you will know how she happened to be living underground.

All through the summer months the old bear roams about the fields and woods. During July and August she lives on blueberries, blackberries, and any other berries that she can find. She will stand in front of a blueberry bush and sweep off the berries with her long tongue very skillfully. In the autumn the bear changes her diet to nuts and roots. She will sometimes eat a young pig or a sheep if she can find one.

Somehow she knows that the winter will be long and hard, and that she must make herself very fat, as she will not be able to find food when the ground is covered with snow. So she eats and eats and eats all summer long.

By the time the first snows come the old bear is very fat, indeed. About this time, too, she begins to feel sleepy. She tries to stay awake, but in spite of all she can do, drowsiness steals upon her. This means that she is getting ready for her long winter sleep. So she searches around for a place to make her winter sleeping room.

The bear usually finds just the right spot under a fallen tree. Here she digs about until she has made a large hole. Then she creeps in, and soon the deep snow comes and covers her over with warm white blankets. She is so completely covered up that if you were to go very close to her winter home you might not know that a bear was there at all.

The only thing to tell you that she is there would be a small hole in the snow. This hole is made by her breath, which melts the snow as she



lies asleep. This is the bear's chimney, and is the only opening in her winter home. In this snug place Johnny Bear and his sister are born. Once in a while an old bear has three little bears, but two is the usual number. So you see almost every bear has a twin brother or sister.

These cubs are very helpless little animals, and you would not think by their looks that they would ever be full-grown bears. During the first month or six weeks they spend all their time sleeping and

eating. These two things make all young animals grow very rapidly. The old bear brings her young ones out into the great wide world in April.

The very first lesson that the cubs are taught is to obey. Indeed, this is the first lesson that all woodland babies are taught, and they all obey better than many children do. This is because their mothers are very strict. If mother bear tells Johnny and his sister to stay under a fallen tree out of sight while she goes for food, and they disobey her, she boxes their ears very hard. There are many dangers in the great woods, and little animals must obey their mothers if they do not want to come to harm. So obedience is the first law of the wild family.

II. OTHER WINTER SLEEPERS

The raccoon, who is the smallest of all the bear family, and who is often called the Little Brother to the Bear, is also a winter sleeper.

His winter home, however, is in quite a different place from that of Johnny Bear. When Mr. Raccoon feels the winter sleepiness coming upon him



he looks about in the woods until he finds a hollow stump about fifteen feet high. He climbs up this old stump and looks down into it. If it is hollow for several feet down, he decides that it is all right. When the days grow cold, and the snow is deep, he will climb up into the stump, and there he will sleep most of the winter through.

The smallest of all the winter sleepers is the chipmunk. Mr. Chipmunk is a very wise little chap. He stores up a good supply of nuts and grain under the roots of an old tree. While the wind howls outside and the snow falls, he eats and sleeps until spring comes again.

So you see that this winter sleep saves the lives of many big and little animals who would otherwise starve during the long months of winter, when they

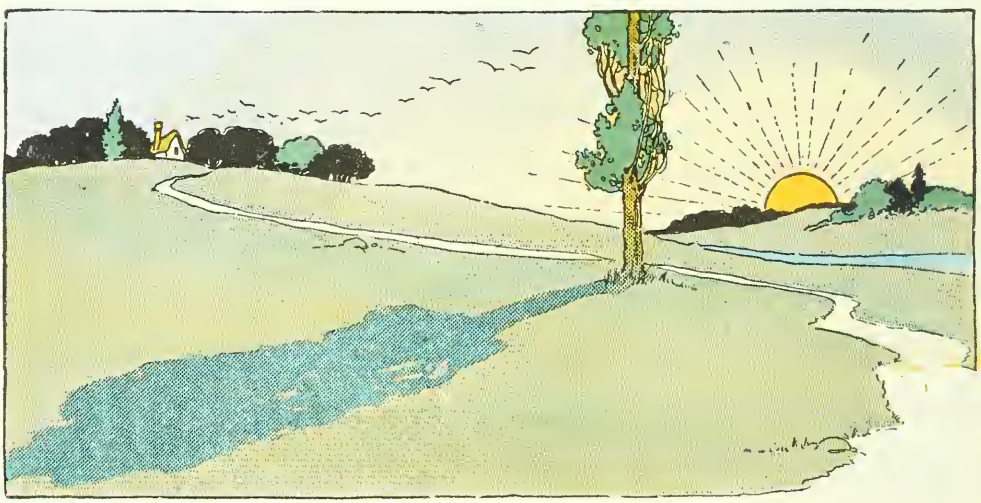
cannot get food. They come out again in the spring none the worse for their long nap. These animals are called "hibernators," which means winter sleepers.

— *Clarence Hawkes.*

THE SHADOW

At sunrise he's a giant tall;
At noon he's withered, lean, and small.
At sunset he regains his height,
And covers all the land at night.

— *John B. Tabb.*



SIRRAH, THE SHEPHERD DOG

Something to Find Out.—How Sirrah showed that he was a wonderful dog.

Many years ago a young shepherd boy lived in Scotland. His name was James Hogg. One day, while he was walking along a street in a little town, he saw a man leading a young collie dog. The man had a rope tied around the dog's neck, and was pulling him roughly along. James Hogg felt sorry for the poor dog, who was thin and looked half starved.

"Poor doggie!" said the young shepherd, patting his head. Then turning to the man he said, "I'll give you a guinea for that dog."

The man put out his hand and took the money. He then tossed the rope to the shepherd and walked quickly away. That was a lucky day for the dog, and also for the young shepherd.

James Hogg took the collie home with him, and named him Sirrah. He fed him, cared for him, and taught him to watch the sheep. Sirrah was

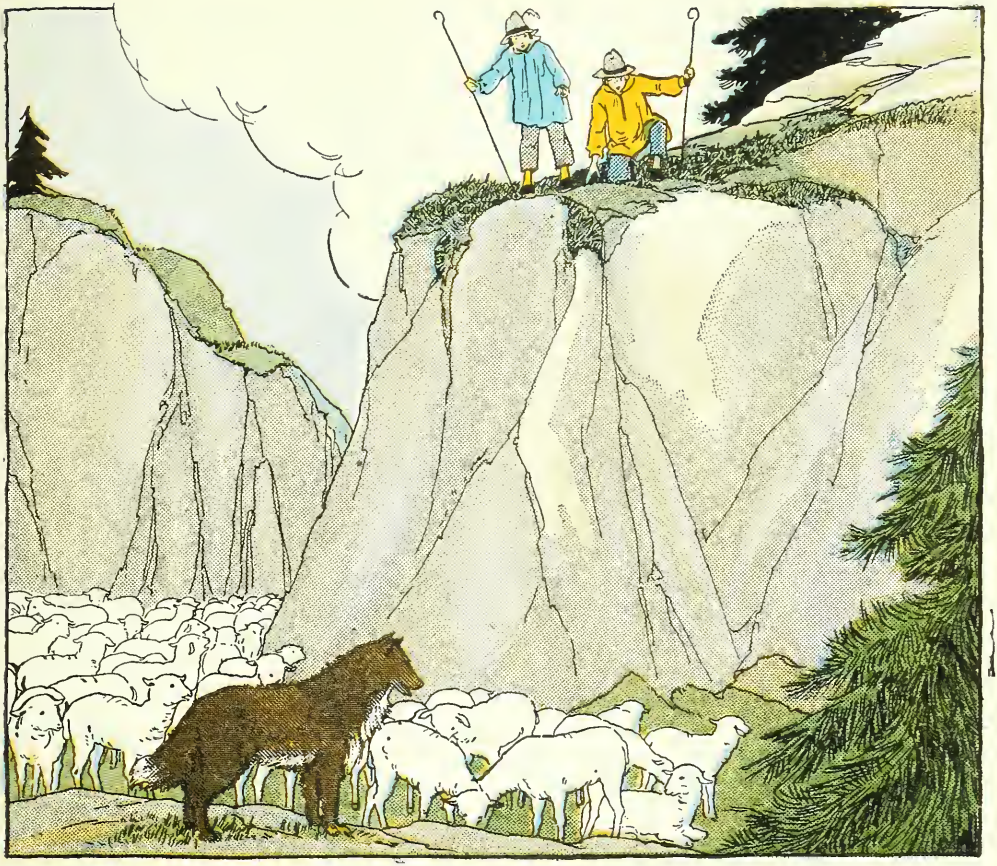
grateful to his new master. He learned rapidly, and became one of the best shepherd dogs the world has ever known.

One night James Hogg and another shepherd were tending a flock of seven hundred lambs that had been taken away from their mothers the day before. During the night the lambs became so lonesome without the mother sheep that they broke away from the shepherds. Away they went over the hills, running wildly in all directions. The two shepherds ran after the lambs, but in the black darkness soon lost sight of them.

"Go, Sirrah! Go get them," cried his master.

Off bounded Sirrah like a shot. All night long in the darkness the two shepherds stumbled around, searching for the lost lambs. Up hill and down they went, but not a bleat did they hear.

At last morning came. The two sad and weary shepherds started to return to the farmer who owned the lambs. How they hated to tell him that his whole flock had been lost! On their way they passed a deep ravine with high cliffs on each side of it. What was that noise that reached their ears?



It sounded like the bleat of a lamb. Looking over the cliff, they saw a large flock of lambs, with Sirrah, the faithful dog, standing guard over them.

"Good old Sirrah!" shouted his master. "That blessed dog has found some of our lambs, at least." But what was his delight to find, when he had counted them, that not a single one was missing. Sirrah had saved all of the seven hundred. How

he had got them together in the darkness nobody knows. From midnight until sunrise he had had the whole care of the flock. A hundred shepherds could not have done better.

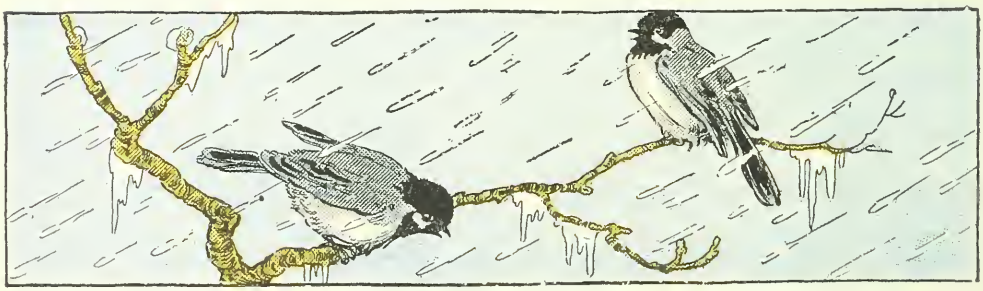
"I never felt so grateful to any creature in my life," said Sirrah's proud master. As for Sirrah himself, he thought it was just a part of his day's work.

—James Hogg—Adapted.

THE CHICK-A-DEE

"Chick-chick-a-dee-dee!" Saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, "Good-day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places
Where January brings few faces."

— Ralph Waldo Emerson.



HOW THE BLUEBIRDS BEGAN HOUSEKEEPING

Something to Find Out.—Why the nest was built twice.

One bright, sunny morning in early spring, Grandfather and Grandmother Williams were sitting on the porch of their summer cottage. A big blue lake was rippling on the shore just a few feet from their front door. Grandfather was making a bird house, and Grandmother was knitting.

Although they lived far away in a big city, they always came to their summer cottage very early in the spring. Grandfather said he must be there when the birds came back from the South, to give them a welcome. He had put up many bird houses around the yard, and one was near the end of the porch where Grandfather and Grandmother were sitting. You have guessed by this time that these two old people were very fond of birds.

While they were talking, there was a flash of blue wings across the lawn, and a pair of bluebirds lit near the door of the bird house. They put their

heads first on one side and then on the other, while they chirped merrily.

"I think they are admiring the view over the lake," whispered Grandmother.

"Well, I hope they like their house," whispered Grandfather. "It took me a week to make it."

Just then the birds went inside the bird house, and after a few more chirps they flew away.

"Now, I do wonder what they thought of it," said Grandfather.

"I have no doubt that they were much pleased," said Grandmother. "They looked very happy as they flew away."

"I hope you are right," said Grandfather. "I would rather have bluebirds in that house than any other kind."

Grandmother *was* right. In a short time the father bird returned with a straw in his bill and went into the bird house. Grandmother nodded her head to Grandfather, which meant "I told you so, my dear." Then the bird flew away again.

Soon he returned with another straw, and later with pieces of dried grass. He flew busily back and

forth for half an hour or more. But the mother bird did not come back.

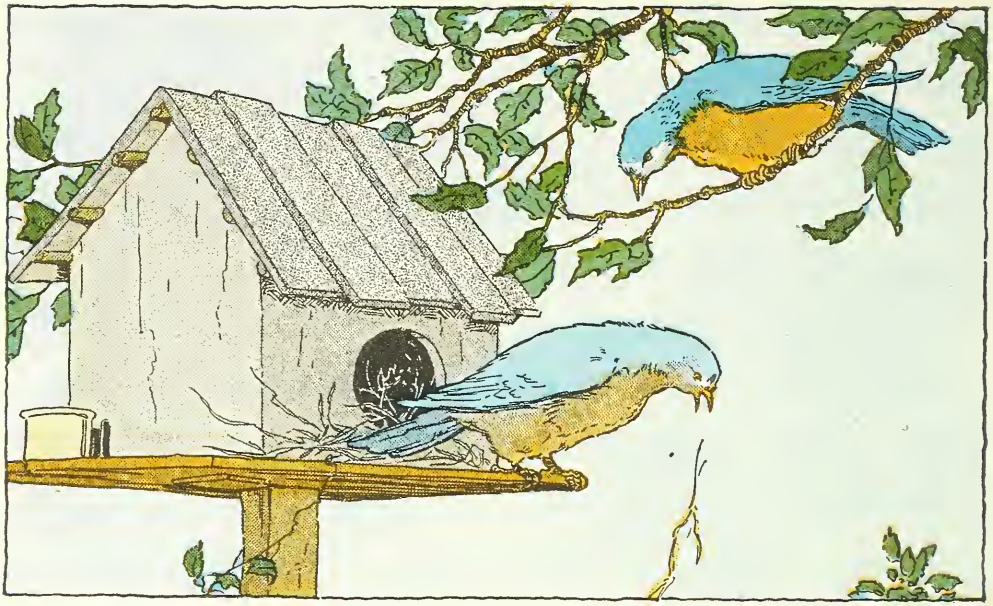
"Now, what can be the matter with the mother bird?" said Grandfather anxiously. "I hope nothing has happened to her."

"Oh! don't borrow trouble," said Grandmother. "Perhaps she has just stopped for a morning chat with another mother bird. She'll be back soon."

In a few minutes the little bird did come back, and flew into the bird house. Before long the father bird came, too, with a straw in his bill, and went into the little house. Then a great chattering and chirping began. You never heard anything like it.

"How disgraceful!" said Grandfather. "I believe they are quarreling." And they really must have been; for in a few moments the little mother bird appeared at the door of the bird house with a straw in her bill, which she dropped to the ground, as though she was angry.

"Now I wonder why she did that," said Grandfather and Grandmother. They were still more surprised when they saw the saucy little bird take



every straw and piece of grass that the father bird had put into the house, and drop it to the ground. Then they both flew away.

"Poor fellow!" said Grandfather. "I think it was a shame to treat him like that, after he had worked so hard all morning."

"Never mind, my dear," said Grandmother, very quietly; "I think I know just why she did it. When you and I went to housekeeping I should not have liked it at all if you had chosen all the furniture without my help. It was to be *our* home, and I wanted to do my share. Besides, I might not have liked the furniture you picked out. I be-

lieve the mother bird had some such thought in her wise little head when she threw out the straws."

Grandmother must have guessed just right, for by and by the two birds came back with straw and grass for the nest, and went into the house together. This time there was no quarreling, and both birds worked busily all afternoon.

In the evening when they flew away, probably to find their dinner, Grandfather and Grandmother both peeped into the cozy little house to see how it looked.

"What a sweet home it is!" said Grandmother. "My dear, I think you make beautiful bird houses."

Grandfather smiled happily.

— *A True Bird Story.*

DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT

In broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a schoolboy's paper kite.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

LITTLE BROWN BROTHER

Something to Find Out.—What kinds of seeds the two little brown brothers were who were talking to each other in the dark ground.

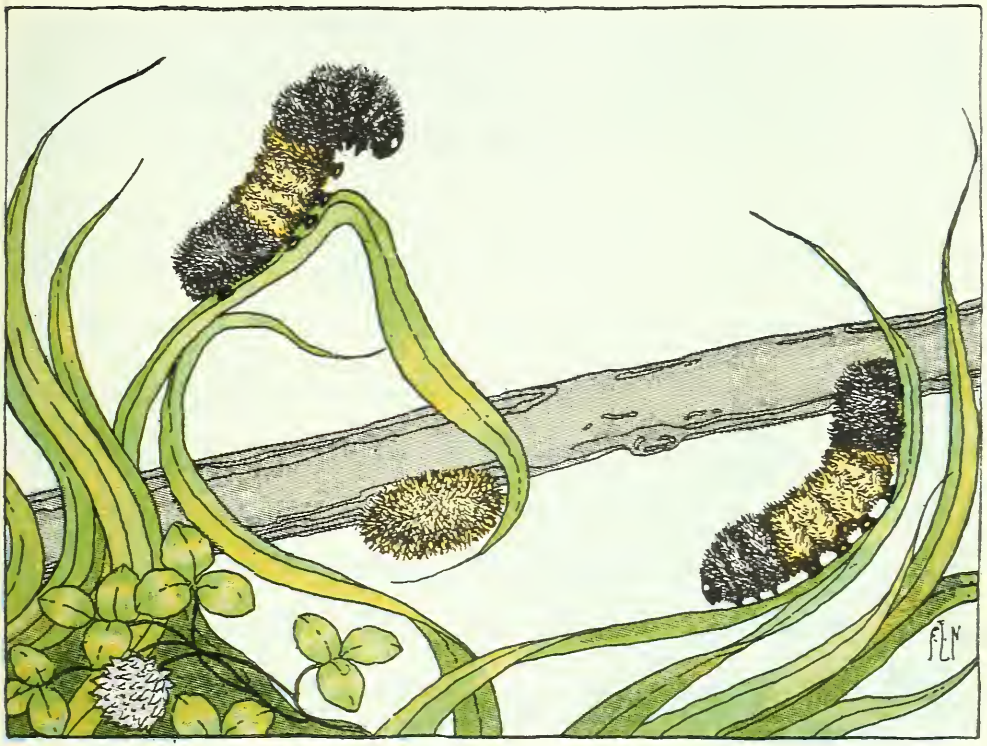
Little brown brother! O little brown brother,
  Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cozily, close to each other;
  Hark to the song of the lark!

"Waken!" the lark says; "waken and dress you;
  Put on your green coats and gay;
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
  Waken! 'tis morning—'tis May!"

Little brown brother! O little brown brother,
  What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother;
  Do be a poppy like me.

What! You're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
  When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
  Little brown brother, good-bye!

— *Emily Nesbit.*



THE WOOLLY-BEAR CATERPILLAR

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully, to see how much you can learn about the caterpillar.

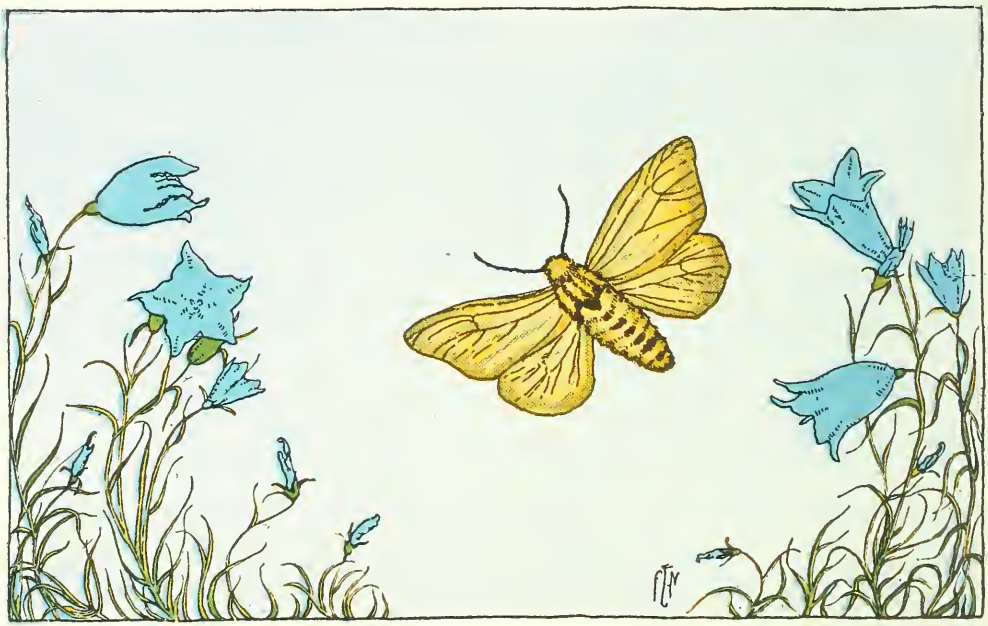
Do you know the Woolly-bear Caterpillar? Its coat is divided into three parts, the middle one brown and the two ends black. Everyone notices the Woolly-bear, because it comes out in the early spring, as soon as the frost is over, and crawls on the fences and sidewalks as though they belonged to it.

The Woolly-bear does not seem to be afraid of anyone or anything. It will march across the road in front of a motor car, or crawl up the leg of your boot.

Do you know where the Woolly-bear came from? It was hatched from a tiny egg.

And now what do you suppose is going to happen? It will stuff itself with rib-grass or other low plants till it has grown bigger. Then something will tell it to get ready for a great change.

In some low, dry place under a log, a stone, or a fence-rail, it will spin a cocoon with its own hairs



outside to protect it. Inside this cocoon, it will go into a sound sleep, but for only a few days.

One bright sunny morning, out of the cocoon will creep a beautiful moth called the Tiger moth. Away it will fly to find its beautiful mate. Soon she will lay a great many eggs, from each of which will come another little Woolly-bear, to grow into a big Woolly-bear, and do it all over again.

— *Ernest Thompson Seton.*

THE CANDY MAN'S STORY OF SUGAR

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how much you can learn about sugar.

I. THE OLD CANDY MAN'S SHOP

"Ting-a-ling!" rang the little bell on the door of the candy shop, and in came three children. Billy led the way, because he was eight years old and afraid of nothing in the world. Little Betty, who was only four, came next, because she always followed Billy wherever he went; and last came John,

who was six and a half, and who always kept close to Betty so that nothing could harm her.

At first they could see no one in the candy shop, and they stood looking at the bright, shining place in silence. The windows and the glass cases were spotless. On wires overhead hung candy canes of all sizes, and on the shelves were rows of glass jars filled with sweets of many colors. There were trays of taffy and great bowls of dainty bonbons, and in one glass case there was nothing but little chocolate rabbits and turkeys and elephants. Through the whole shop there was a delicious odor of spices and fruits and boiling sirup.

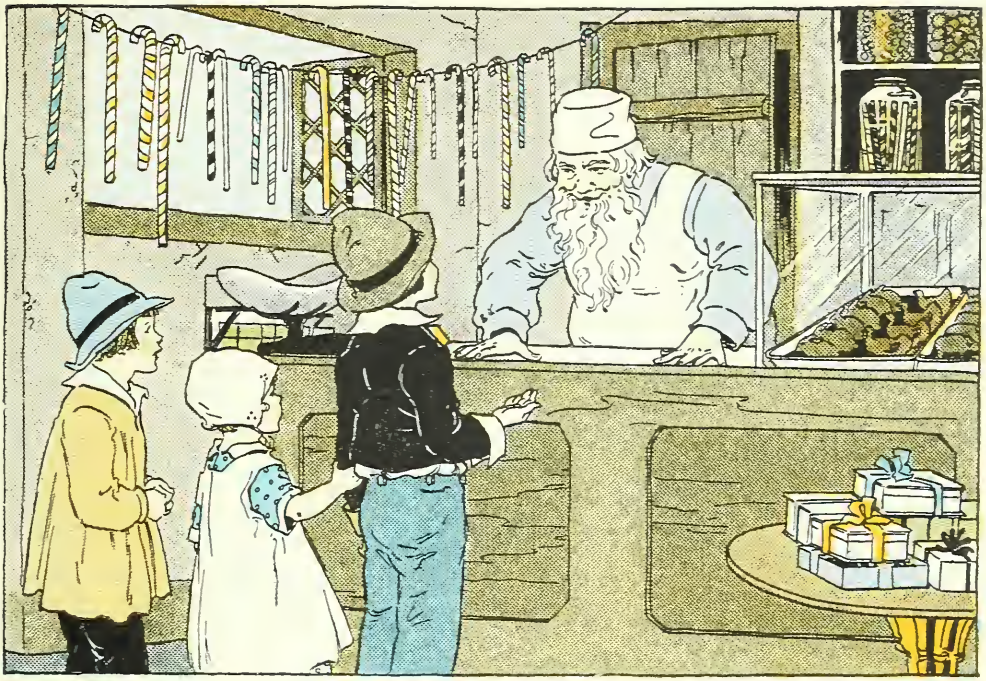
Suddenly a door in the back of the shop opened, and in came a little old man with bright, brown eyes and a long white beard. He wore a spotless white cap and apron.

"Is that Santa Claus?" whispered Betty.

"No, it is the Candy Man," answered John. "I think maybe he is Santa Claus's brother."

"How do you do, Mr. Candy Man?" said John.

"Very well, thank you," replied the Candy Man, smiling. "What can I do for you today?"



"Well, you see," explained Billy, "I have a dime, John has a nickel, and Betty has a penny. We earned them ourselves, and we want to buy some candy for Mother's birthday present, but we can't decide what kind to get."

"I see," said the Candy Man. "Well, take your time and look around." Then he took down a glass jar and gave each of them a pretty, twisted stick of candy. "Perhaps this will help you decide."

"Oh, thank you!" said the children, and then they ran up to one of the glass cases and looked in.

Betty was not quite tall enough to see, and so the Candy Man lifted her up in his arms.

"Where does all the candy come from?" asked John.

"That is a long story," replied the Candy Man.

"Oh, tell us, tell us!" cried John, and little Betty clapped her hands at the word "story."

"Shall I begin at the beginning and go forward, or at the end and go backward?" asked the Candy Man.

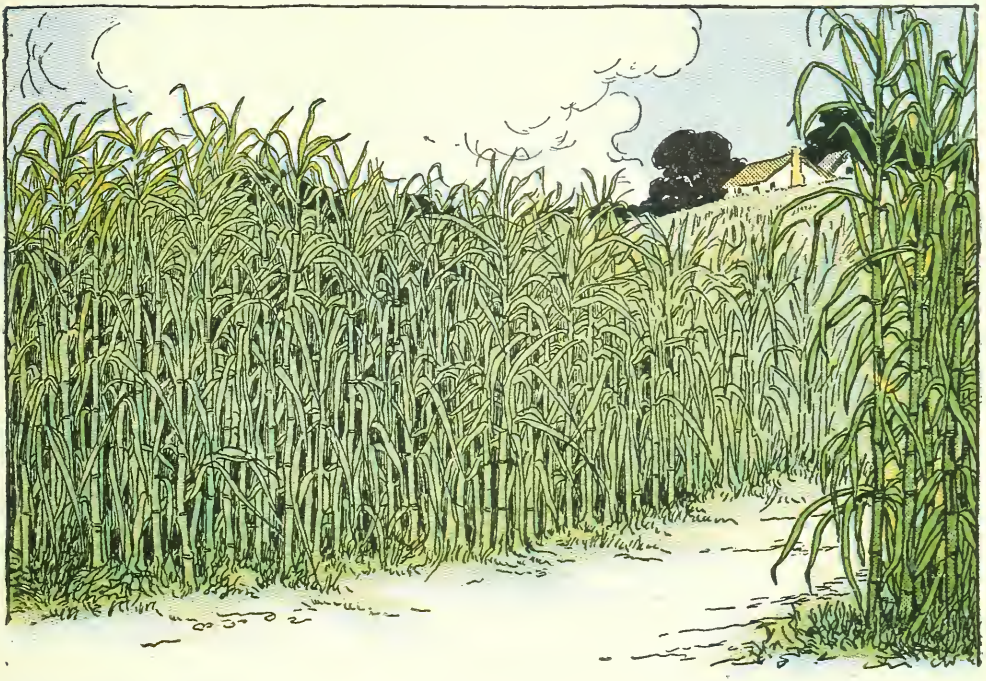
"Begin at the very beginning, please," said Billy.

II. THE STORY OF SUGAR

"The very beginning," said the Candy Man, "is in the wide, rich fields of the sunny South. Shut your eyes and look at them."

"Shut our eyes and *look* at them?" repeated Billy in surprise. "How can we look if we shut our eyes?"

"Try it and see," said the Candy Man. "Shut your eyes tight and listen to what I tell you, and you will see everything as plain as day."



So the three children shut their eyes tight, and the Candy Man went on with his story.

"In these wide fields grow the tall, green stalks of sugar cane. It looks something like corn, but it is much taller and more slender. The fields of sugar cane stretch away for miles and miles. The warm rain of the South falls upon them, and the hot sun shines down on them. The stalks grow and grow for many months until they are very tall and are full of a sweet juice. Can't you see those great, rich fields of sugar cane as plain as day?"

"Oh, yes," cried Billy, "and I can see the wind blowing over the sugar cane and waving it like tall, tall grass." John, too, nodded his head with his eyes shut tight.

"Then you are ready for the next picture," said the Candy Man. "Into those fields come hundreds of men with big sharp steel knives to cut the sugar cane. Sometimes machines are used to help them. The men strip off the leaves and lay the stalks in large piles, which are later loaded into wagons or trucks and drawn to the sugar factory."

"I can see all the men working," said John.

"It is very hard work, too," added Billy.

"Yes," answered the Candy Man. "For hundreds of years men have worked in the fields of sugar cane, so that all the sugar bowls of the world might be full."

"But how do those long stiff stalks change to the white grains of sugar?" asked Billy, his eyes popping open suddenly.

"That happens in the factory, and some day you must visit a sugar factory and see for yourselves how it is done. All that I can tell you is that first

the stalks are crushed between heavy rollers, and the sweet juice, which has a gray or dark green color, is strained off into large pans. After this juice has been made clean and clear, it is boiled and boiled in covered pans until it is a thick sirup. This sirup is then boiled again until it turns into tiny grains of sugar. These grains get larger and larger, until, by and by, all the sirup is gone and only the sugar is left. Then it is loaded into cars and boats and carried to all parts of the world."

"So Mother's birthday present will come from a field of sugar cane," said Billy.

"Yes," said the Candy Man, "and think how many people helped to make it."

"All the men who plowed the fields and planted the sugar cane and took care of it and cut it," said Billy.

"And all the men in the factory who crushed it and strained it and made it into sugar," added John.

"And you, too, Mr. Candy Man," said Betty.

"Well, yes," said the Candy Man, "I did help, didn't I? And now let me get the birthday present."

III. THE GIFT FOR MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

Then he went to a table piled with beautiful boxes and chose one with a big bow of blue ribbon. "Here is my best box of candy," he said, "and it is exactly the thing for your mother's birthday."

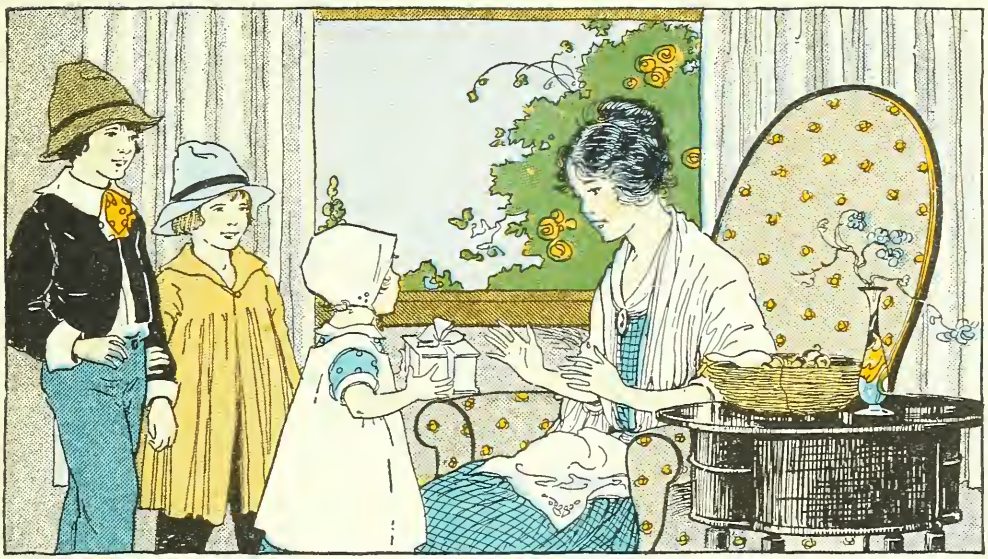
"Can we buy that beautiful box with our money?" asked Billy.

"Your money will just pay for it," answered the Candy Man. "Money that you earn yourself always buys more than any other money in this shop."

He wrapped the box in heavy white paper and tied it with a silver cord. Then Billy gave him his dime, and John gave him his nickel, and Betty gave him her penny.

"Thank you for the story," said Billy. "Will you tell us another some day?"

"Yes," said the Candy Man. "I have told you today about only one plant that gives us sugar. The next story will be about the sugar beet, which also is used for making sugar. It looks very much like the beet that grows in your own garden."



Then the children left the bright little shop and went home. Billy carried the birthday present under his arm, because he was the oldest; but when they reached home, little Betty gave it to their mother, and they all said, "Happy Birthday!"

Their mother was so surprised and pleased that she held the beautiful box in her hands and looked at it a long time.

"Do you like it, Mother?" asked Billy. "We bought it with our own money."

"It is beautiful!" said Mother, smiling at them, "and it makes me very happy. I know that you worked hard to earn the money for it."

"Yes, Mother, we did," said Billy; "and many other people worked to give you that box of candy!"

"You surprise me," said Mother. "Tell me about it."

"It's a long story," began John, just as the Candy Man had done.

"Well," said Mother, "let's all sit down and eat some of my birthday candy while you tell me the long story."

"Shall I begin at the beginning and go forward, or at the end and go backward?" asked Billy, winking at John.

"I think it would be fun to begin at the end and go backward," said Mother.

So Billy began with the beautiful box of candy and told the story of sugar backward until he came to the wide field of sugar cane. Do you think that you could do it?

— *Alice Thompson Paine.*



PART V

IN FAIRYLAND







THE SUN'S SISTERS

Something to Find Out.—Why Lars would not live in the King's palace.

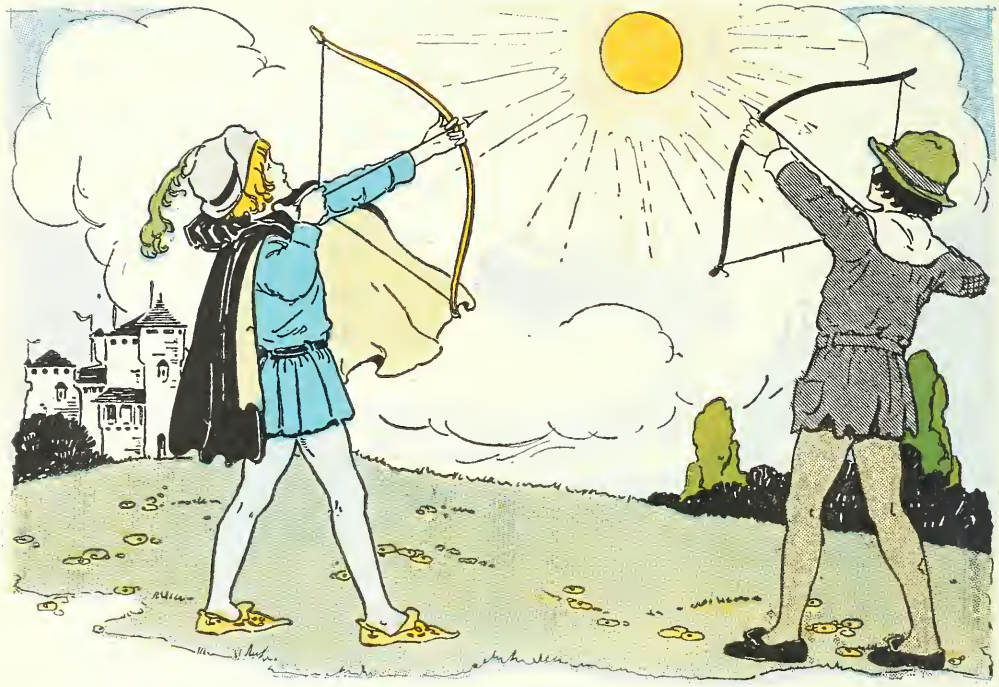
I. LARS MEETS THE PRINCE

Once there was a young peasant boy named Lars, who lived near the palace of the King. He had no father or mother, and so he was used to taking care of himself. The King had one son, a young Prince who was about the same age as Lars.

One day as the Prince was in the palace grounds, shooting with his bow and arrows, Lars came by. He was on his way to the forest to hunt. Lars was such a good shot that his arrows always hit just where he aimed them. Now the young Prince was a very poor shot, but he was too proud to let anyone know it.

"I can shoot farther than you can," said the Prince. "I can hit the sun."

"I can if you can," said Lars. So they both shot their arrows at the same time. Whiz! off they



flew straight toward the sun. The boys watched the two arrows fly high up into the air, but very soon one of them fell to the earth. Each boy said that this arrow was not his.

The other arrow went on and on, out of sight, above the clouds. The boys waited and waited, until at last it came back and fell at their feet.

"It must have hit the sun," said Lars, as he picked it up, "because it has a tiny golden feather just the color of the sun clinging to it."

"That arrow is mine," said the Prince.

"Oh, no! it is mine," said Lars. "I know it is mine, for I always make my arrows myself."

Just then the King came walking by, and the boys told him their story. Now the King knew that the arrow belonged to Lars, but it made him angry to think that a peasant boy could shoot farther than a king's son.

So he spoke very sternly to Lars and said, "If you are such a good shot, follow your arrow, and do not return home until you find the hen from which the tiny golden feather came. When you have found her, bring her to me."

II. LARS VISITS PRINCESS SUNRISE

Poor Lars did not know where to go, but he took the arrow and started bravely off. Into the forest he ran, hardly knowing what he was doing. Soon he found himself right in the middle of the forest. There he saw a big fox with a bushy tail, caught in a trap.

"I will set you free, poor fox," said Lars, as he opened the spring of the trap. The fox shook his tail and said, "Where are you going, Lars?"

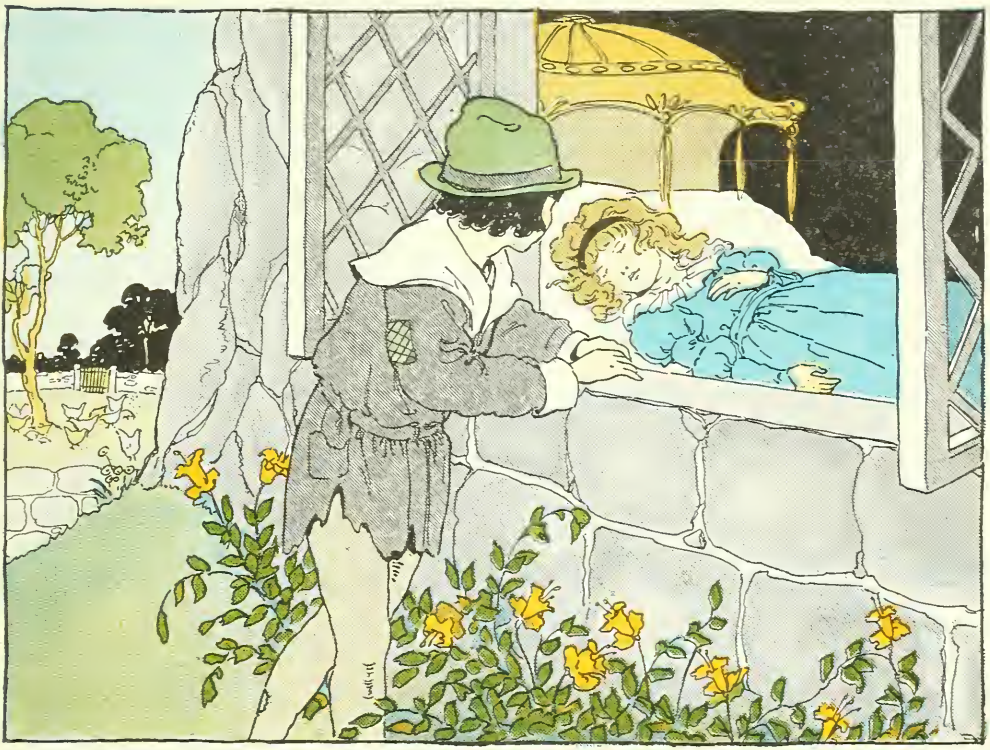
"I don't know where I'm going," said Lars. "But I do know that I can't go back home until I find the hen that lost this golden feather."

"Well, I know all the hen yards in the world," said the fox. "There is only one place to look for that hen. She belongs to the Sun's Sisters. Jump upon my back and I'll take you there."

So Lars jumped upon the fox's back, and they whisked away like the wind. They went on and on, until Lars thought they would never stop. At last they climbed a high mountain, the highest one in all the world, and there stood the palace of the sun. It glittered so brightly that at first Lars could not look at it. But by and by his eyes became used to the brilliant light.

Then the fox said, "I cannot go inside the gate. Foxes are not welcome there, but you can go in without asking. Walk straight ahead, then turn to the left, and soon you will reach the poultry yard. Catch the golden hen, and run back to me as fast as you can. I'll be waiting for you here."

Lars went boldly through the gate, then walked on and turned to the *right*. Instead of reaching the



poultry yard, he came to the palace. Seeing an open window he peeked in. There he saw a beautiful little girl sleeping on a golden bed. Her bright golden hair covered the pillow. So beautiful did she look that Lars kissed her on one cheek. The young girl opened her eyes in surprise and said, "Who are you, little boy?"

"I am Lars," he answered. "Who are you?"

"I am the Princess Sunrise," she said. "What do you want here?"

"I am going to catch the golden hen and take her to the King," answered Lars.

"Oh! you must not do that!" said the Princess. "That would be stealing."

"Then I can never go back to my own country again," said Lars, and he told the Princess his story.

"Well, that will never do," said Princess Sunrise. "I am very lonely here since the trolls stole away my sister, Princess Sunset. If you will bring her back to me, I will give you my golden hen."

III. LARS RESCUES PRINCESS SUNSET

So Lars went back to the fox and told him what had happened. "What a silly boy you were to wake the Princess!" said the fox. "But I'll help you once more. Jump upon my back."

Again they started on a long journey. At last they came to the big black castle where the trolls lived. Dark clouds hung over it.

"You stay outside, this time," said the fox. "I will go and find the Princess Sunset."

When he reached the big black door of the castle, he knocked very loud. The trolls were having their

supper, sitting around a table with only one candle lighted, for they loved darkness. When they heard the knock on the door they all called out at once, "Who's there?"

The fox answered in his pleasantest voice, "It is your friend, the fox. I've come to dance with you."

The trolls quickly opened the door, for they liked to dance better than anything else in all the world. As soon as the fox went inside he saw the Princess Sunset, sitting by herself and looking very sad and lonely. She looked much like her sister, except that her hair was dark instead of golden. The trolls loved her and really took good care of her.

"You may dance with the Princess first," they said. "She dances better than we do."

So the fox and the Princess began to dance. They whirled round and round, faster and faster, and when they came near enough to the candle, the fox blew it out. Then, in the darkness, he danced out of the door with the Princess. Before the trolls knew what had happened, the fox, Princess Sunset, and Lars were far away from the black castle and going like the wind.



When they reached the palace of the Sun, Princess Sunrise was delighted to see her sister, Princess Sunset, and kissed her until her cheeks were rosy red. Then she gave Lars the golden hen, which he and the fox took to the King.

The King was so pleased that he asked Lars to live at the palace and play with the young Prince always. But Lars said he would not play with a boy who would tell a lie. So he went back to live with Princess Sunrise, to help her and Princess Sunset make the new days.

—*Lapland Myth.*

THE MOON'S TEARS

Something to Find Out.—Why the children at last threw away the magic necklace.

I. HOW THE CHILDREN FOUND A HOME

A great many years ago a kind shepherd lived with his wife in a neat little cottage on a hillside. He was kept so busy watching his sheep that he never felt lonely. But his wife had no one in the house with her all day. She often felt lonely, for she had no children, and the nearest neighbor was many miles away. Sometimes, when the little lambs were born in the spring, the shepherd would bring a little lambkin to his wife to take care of. This always made her very happy.

One March evening as she was getting supper by the big fireplace, her husband's voice outside called to her, "Open the door, wife. I've brought you two wee lambkins."

She opened the door quickly, and holding out her arms, said, "Give the little darlings to me." Her husband put a bundle into her arms, and when

she opened it, what was her joy to see two beautiful little children, a boy and a girl, instead of two little woolly lambkins! The shepherd had found them asleep in a leafy hollow between the roots of a big tree. They looked just alike, except that the little boy's curly golden hair was short, while the little girl's hair was long.

The shepherd's wife took them in her lap by the fire and warmed their little cold hands and feet, for the March winds were chilly. Then she gave them a good supper of bread and milk and made them a soft, warm bed in an old chest. She covered them over with a white woolly blanket and sang them to sleep.

For a long time the shepherd and his wife expected someone to come and ask for the children. But as nobody came, they began to feel as if the children were their very own. They could not have loved them any more if they had been their son and daughter.

The children always kept close together, and seemed very happy in their new home. They called each other Bud and Sis.

II. WHAT THE FIRE SPRITE GAVE THE CHILDREN

One night when the shepherd and his wife were asleep the two children crept out of their chest and sat before the big open fireplace. One log was still burning with a bright flame, and the big gray cat was curled up near the warm ashes.

"I wish I were a cat," said Bud. "Then I could run away and see the world."

"What fun that would be!" said Sis.

Suddenly the children saw a tiny little fire sprite step right out of the burning log. He was the tiniest and brightest little creature they had ever seen. His face was merry and kind, and he spoke with a gentle voice. "I could not help hearing you," he said, "and I can make your wish come true."

Then the fire sprite stepped down on the hearth, and the children saw in his hand a string of glittering blue beads. "Once in a thousand years," he said, "the moon cries over the world, and I always gather her tears, and put them on a string. Each bead that is thrown into fire or water will change



you into a different creature. These are the words you must say before you make your wish:

'Moon's tears, moon's tears,
Wait again a thousand years—
Water drown, or sizzle fire,
Give me now my heart's desire!' "

The fire sprite gave the children the string of beads, and in a second he had hopped into the log and was gone like a flash.

"You may wear the beads, Sis," said Bud. "Boys don't care about wearing such things." So saying,

he put them around her neck. But first he took off one bead, and cried, "Now we will be cats!"

Holding each other by the hand, the children said:

"Moon's tears, moon's tears,
Wait again a thousand years—
Water drown, or sizzle fire,
Give me now my heart's desire!"

III. HOW BUD AND SIS BECAME CATS

Bud then threw the blue bead into the fire. As the moon's tear sizzled in the blaze, the children felt themselves shrinking and shrinking until they both became little furry kittens.

"Now for some fun!" cried Bud. "We will go out into the world."

They found an old rat hole in the back door just big enough for them to squeeze through. Soon they were out in the frosty night, playing among the dry leaves. "Oh!" cried Bud, "what fun it is to be a cat! I think I'll be a cat forever."

Off they ran into the deep woods. But in a little while the darkness began to frighten them, and they jumped with fear when a branch crackled.

"Does no one live in the woods?" asked Sis.

"I believe you are afraid," said Bud, and it sounded to Sis as if his own teeth chattered. Then they heard a soft footstep among the rustling leaves, and both little kittens sprang up into a tree just in time to escape the paws of a big gray wolf. There they sat shivering with fright for hours until the wolf went off to his den.

"Meow," said Sis. "I don't like being a cat!"

"Meow," said Bud. "Shall we go home until another day?"

"Indeed, let's do," said Sis.

So they crept softly home. Sis still had the beads around her neck. When they reached the well in the yard, Bud took one bead and threw it into the water. "We wish to be children again," he said, as Sis repeated:

"Moon's tears, moon's tears,
Wait again a thousand years—
Water drown, or sizzle fire,
Give me now my heart's desire."

Soon the children felt themselves growing bigger and bigger and their furry coats getting smaller



and smaller. In a few minutes they were children again in their nightgowns. Then they looked at each other in surprise, for they saw that they were too big to get through the rat hole. So they spent the rest of the night shivering on the doorstep.

There the shepherd found them the next morning when he opened the door. The shepherd wanted to punish the children for running away in the dark. But his wife said, "No, we must not punish them.

We will love them more. Perhaps we have not loved them enough." So she warmed them, fed them, and put them into their chest for a good sleep. There they slept all day.

Several months passed, and the children were so good and gentle that the shepherd and his wife loved them more than ever. They were quite puzzled, however, about the blue beads which the little girl always wore around her neck. When the shepherd's wife asked her where she got them, she would answer quite truthfully, "The fire sprite gave them to me." That was all she would say.

IV. HOW THE CHILDREN BECAME SWALLOWS

When spring came the children played out of doors all day long. As they wandered about in the woods, they became restless again, and eager to have another look at the world.

One day Bud said, "I think I should like to be a bird and fly far, far away."

"Oh, yes," said Sis; "let's be swallows. They skim through the air so swiftly. Just as soon as the first bird comes back from the South we will

change ourselves into swallows and fly far, far away. Maybe we can go over the sea."

So they waited anxiously to hear the first twittering of the birds.

Early one morning a swallow chirped under the window, waking both the children from a sound sleep. They were so excited that they jumped up and ate scarcely any porridge for breakfast. With many kisses and a loving pat on their curly heads, the shepherd's wife sent them out to play.

"I love her very much," said Sis. "She is so kind to us."

Bud tried to look brave as he said, "Never mind. We shall be swallows soon."

Then the children scampered away to a spring in the woods. Taking a bead from his sister's necklace, the little boy dropped it into the water. "We wish to be swallows," he said. Then they both repeated the magic words:

"Moon's tears, moon's tears,
Wait again a thousand years—
Water drown, or sizzle fire,
Give me now my heart's desire."

At that moment they heard the shepherd's wife calling, "Come, my lambkins, come. See the swallows about the door. They have just come from the Southland."

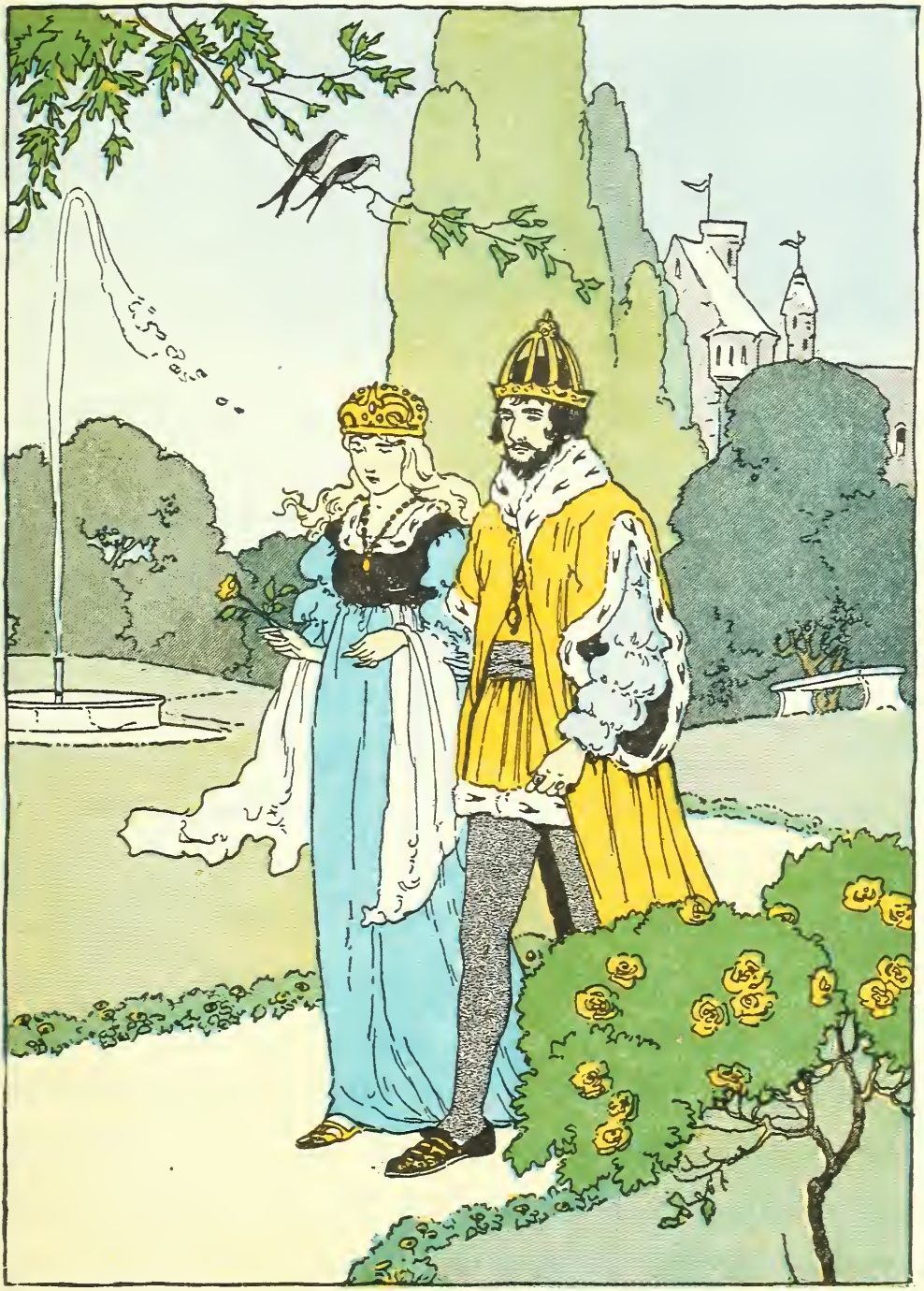
But the children did not answer, for they were already swallows themselves. With a twitter they rose in the air and went sailing over the tree tops. They thought they had never been so happy.

For three days and three nights they flew and flew over hills, meadows, and rivers until they saw a beautiful palace glittering in the bright sunshine. They knew at once that it must be a king's palace, though they had never seen one before.

"Oh, Sis," said Bud, "here we can be happy forever."

V. THE VISIT TO THE PALACE

They flew down and perched on a tree in the palace grounds. There they saw the King and Queen walking around in the garden. They were dressed in the richest robes, with golden crowns on their heads, and jewels glittering on their hands and around their necks. Everywhere lovely flowers were blooming, fountains were sparkling in the sun, and



the leaves on the trees were dancing. But, strange to say, in the midst of all this beauty, the King and Queen walked without a smile.

Suddenly a band of dancers appeared before the King and Queen and danced to the most wonderful music. But still the King and Queen never smiled.

"I wonder why they look so unhappy," said Sis. "Let us change ourselves into beautiful dancers and see if we can make them happy."

Just then they heard the head gardener say, "I must get my pea shooter and drive those swallows away. Birds are not allowed in the King's garden. They might peck some of the fruit."

The two frightened little swallows flew to a fountain and dropped a tiny little bead into the water. (Of course the beads were always around the little girl's neck and shrank when she did.) In an instant the swallows were changed into two beautiful dancers.

When the gardener came with his pea shooter, looking for the two swallows, he saw only two beautiful children dressed in shining clothes, sitting on the edge of the fountain.

"Please, sir," said Bud, "we are strangers from a far country, and we have come to dance before the King and Queen."

They were so beautiful that the gardener said to himself, "I shall get a reward for bringing such lovely dancers before the King." So he led them at once to the palace.

The King and Queen, looking very gloomy indeed, were seated on the throne, surrounded by all the ladies and gentlemen of the palace.

"Who are these children?" asked the King.

"Please, Your Majesty, we are dancers," said Bud. "We have come from a far country to dance before you."

"Dance, then," said the King.

The King's musicians began to play the most wonderful music, and the children found themselves dancing. They seemed to be floating in the air, or blown about by a faint breeze, so lightly did they sway and swing to the music. Their beautiful golden hair waved about their heads, and they seemed almost like flower petals, so softly did their feet touch the floor.



When the dance was over, the King, the Queen, and all the ladies of the palace showered them with jewels. The King in his gloomy voice called out, "Bring the dancers before me!"

When the two children stood trembling before him, the King said to Bud, "I want a wife for my son. For what sum of money will you sell your sister?"

"Sell my sister!" cried Bud. "Why, I cannot sell my sister. I love her too much!"

"Love?" said the King, looking puzzled. "What is love? Can I not buy it? I will give you great piles of jewels."

"Oh, sir!" said Bud and Sis together, "you cannot buy love." And at the very thought of such a thing they burst out laughing.

Now the King had never seen anyone laugh before, and he became so very, very angry that he sent the poor little dancers off to prison.

The children, of course, were much frightened. As they were being led away, the little girl could not help shedding a few tears. Presently they heard a sizzling sound, and both children knew at once what had happened. One of the little girl's tears had fallen upon a bead that hung around her neck, and the magic was beginning to work.

"Quick!" cried Bud. "We will be swallows again and fly back to our home."

Together they whispered:

"Moon's tears, moon's tears,
Wait again a thousand years—
Water drown, or sizzle fire,
Give me now my heart's desire."

In a moment the children found themselves swallows, flying swiftly over fields and mountains and rivers, back toward the shepherd's cottage, where there was always love. They flew as fast as their wings would take them.

VI. BUD AND SIS RETURN HOME

At sundown on the third day they reached the woods near the cottage.

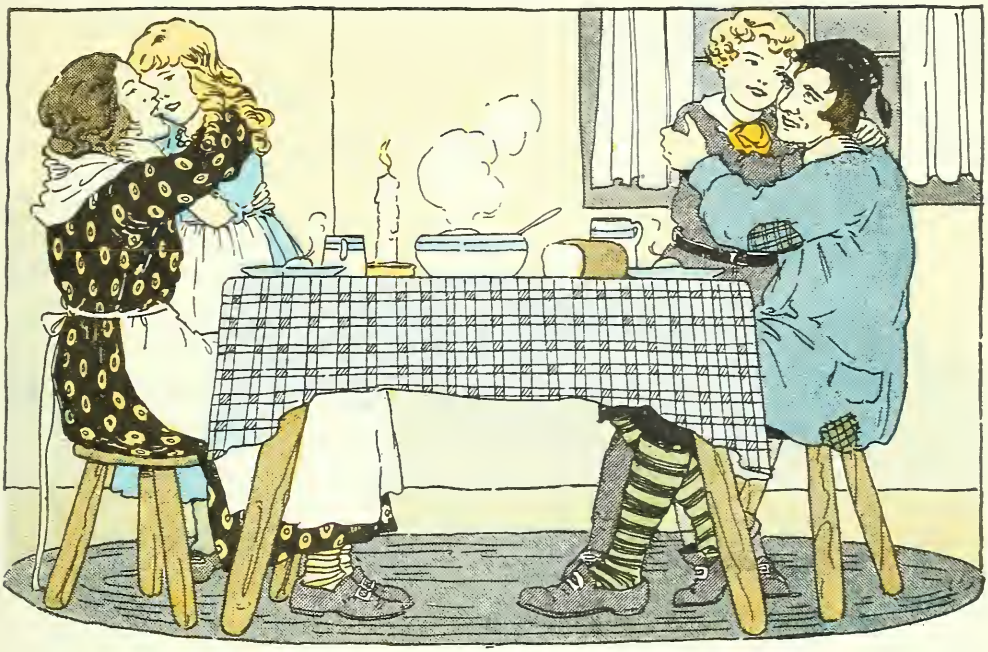
"Oh, Bud!" said Sis. "I think I hear the ripple of the brook."

"Give me one of the beads," said Bud, as they lit on the bank of the little stream.

"This time," said Sis, "we will be ourselves forever."

"Yes," said Bud, "just being ourselves is the best of all."

Once more they dropped a bead into the brook, and repeated the magic words. Soon they were two happy children again, running as fast as their legs could carry them toward the little cottage. The shepherd and his wife were eating their supper when the children peeped in at the window.



"Oh, look," whispered Sis. "Mother has been crying." She had never called the shepherd's wife "mother" before.

Then they tiptoed away from the window and ran in at the back door. They all laughed and cried together for joy, while the children promised that they would never again go away from their dear home on the hillside. Their mother gave them a warm supper and tucked them safely in bed.

That night when all was dark and still, Bud waked up and found himself alone. Just then he saw Sis slip in at the back door.

"Oh, Sis, where have you been?" asked Bud.

"I went to throw the moon's tears down the well," said Sis. "I'm glad that she won't cry again for a thousand years."

"And so am I," said Bud. "For in this good home of ours there is always love."

—*Laurence Alma-Tadema.*

LADY MOON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold.
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

—*Lord Houghton.*



HANSEL AND GRETEL

Something to Find Out.—How Gretel fooled the witch.

ACT I

Time — Long Ago

Place — A Cottage

Persons:

Hansel	Mother
Gretel	Father

[*A room in a poor peasant's cottage, which stands near a dark forest. In the room there are two children, a boy and a girl. The boy is named Hansel, and the little girl is named Gretel. The room has very little furniture in it. There is a rough table on which stands a jug. There are also a stool and three chairs. In a corner are two beds. Hansel is seated on the stool making a broom. Gretel is busily knitting and singing.*]

Gretel. [*Stops singing.*] Oh! oh! oh! how hungry I am.

Hansel. So am I. I am as hungry as a wolf. I haven't had enough to eat for a week.

GRETEL. Well, we'll have to make the best of it until Father and Mother come home from the fair. Oh, I hope they will sell a lot of brooms today. Then we can have a good dinner. There isn't a crumb of bread in the house.

HANSEL. What is in that jug on the table, Gretel?

GRETEL. That is a secret, Hansel. But if you will stop grumbling, I'll tell you all about it. Come here first and see what it is.

[*Hansel puts down his broom and tiptoes over to the table. He looks into the jug.*]

HANSEL. Milk! Oh, goody, goody! May I have some now, Gretel?

GRETEL. Oh, no! not now, Hansel. Mother is going to make us a pudding for dinner if she sells enough brooms to buy eggs and sugar. Then there will be enough for all of us. Come, let us dance. Then we shall forget how hungry we are.

[*She takes hold of Hansel's hands.*]

HANSEL. [*Rather crossly.*] Oh, I don't know how to dance.



GRETEL. [*Merrily.*] Well, come on, and I will show you.

Right foot first,
Left foot then,
Round about and back again.

[*Soon the two children are laughing and dancing around the room. In the midst of their fun they bump into the table, and over goes the jug of milk. Just then their mother comes in with a bundle of brooms. She has not sold a single one.*]

MOTHER. [*Who is very tired and cross.*] For mercy's sake! Stop, children! Now see what you have

done! There will be no pudding for dinner this day, and there is not a crumb to eat in the house. If you want any dinner, you'll have to work for it. Take this basket out into the woods and see if you can find some ripe strawberries.

[*The children take the basket and run toward the woods, while their mother goes to the bed in the corner and lies down to rest.*]

GRETEL. Poor Mother! She looked so tired.

HANSEL. Yes, and she must be as hungry as we are, too. We must pick a basketful of fine, ripe berries for her.

[*The children hurry into the woods. The tired mother sleeps for several hours. About sunset the father comes home, singing merrily.*]

FATHER. [*Entering the door.*] Ho, wife! Wake up and get us a fine dinner. [*Looking around.*] Where are the children?

MOTHER. [*Getting up.*] There is nothing to cook for dinner. I did not sell one broom. I sent the children to the woods for strawberries. Poor little things! They were so hungry.

FATHER. [*Opening a big bag.*] Nothing to cook for dinner, did you say? Well, look at this! Here is a ham, and here are butter, sugar, flour, sausages, eggs, turnips, onions, potatoes, and tea. I had good luck with my brooms today. Now we shall have a dinner fit for a king. Where did you say the children are?

MOTHER. They have gone to the woods to look for strawberries. I was so tired that I fell asleep. They have been gone a long time now.

FATHER. [*Anxiously.*] O my good wife! Suppose they have wandered to the witch's house. That awful creature will turn them into gingerbread children. Did you not think of that? Come! We must go out into the woods and look for them. It is nearly dark now, and they will be getting sleepy.

MOTHER. [*Crying.*] Oh, it will be my fault if the old witch gets them. I was so tired and cross. I should not have sent them to the woods.

[*Father and Mother hurry off to the woods, calling "Hansel! Gretel!"*]

ACT II

Time — AFTERNOON AND NIGHT OF THE SAME DAY

Place — THE WOODS

Persons:

HANSEL	CUCKOO
GRETEL	SANDMAN

[*The children have a happy time all afternoon in the forest. They run about everywhere, looking for strawberries. Without thinking, they go deeper and deeper into the forest until their basket is filled. In the late afternoon they sit on a mossy bank to rest before starting for home. They are really lost, but they do not know it. Gretel is singing and making a wreath of wild flowers. Hansel is looking hungrily at the strawberries.*]

GRETEL. Oh, hear the cuckoo, Hansel!

HANSEL. [*Answering the cuckoo.*] Cuckoo! cuckoo! Yes, he is the bird that eats other birds' eggs. Mean old thing!

CUCKOO. Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!

HANSEL. Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! Thief! thief! thief!



GRETEL. Open your mouth, Hansel, and pretend you are a cuckoo. Then I'll pop a strawberry into your mouth.

[*Hansel eats it greedily.*]

HANSEL. Now it is your turn, Gretel.

[*He puts a big strawberry into Gretel's mouth.*]

GRETEL. Oh, how good that strawberry is!

[*The children play cuckoo until every berry is gone. Then Gretel looks into the empty basket.*]

GRETEL. Oh, see what we've done! We have eaten every one. Now there will be no berries for

Father and Mother. We are naughty, greedy children. Let us hurry and fill our basket again.

HANSEL. [*Who has been looking around.*] It is too late now, Gretel. See! The sun is setting. And, indeed, I don't know where we are. I'm afraid we are lost.

GRETEL. [*Almost crying.*] Oh, what shall we do! What shall we do! I'm afraid, here in the dark.

HANSEL. [*Trying to be brave.*] Well, there's nothing to be afraid of, little Gretel. Don't cry. We can make a nice soft bed of leaves under this tree. In the morning we can surely find our way home again. We will pick another basketful of berries on our way out of the woods.

[*The children make a bed of dry leaves and lie down very close together.*]

GRETEL. Oh, I see a queer little man over there in the bushes!

HANSEL. [*Very bravely.*] It is only the sandman, little sister. He is waiting to put us to sleep.

[*The sandman steals quietly out of the bushes and waves his arms over them. Soon the children are fast asleep.*]

ACT III

Time — The Next Morning

Place — The Witch's House

Persons:

Hansel	Dew-Fairy	Father
Gretel	The Witch	Mother

[*In the early morning a little dew-fairy comes softly near the sleeping children and sprinkles dewdrops over their faces. Then she creeps into a flower. The sun comes up, and soon the children are wide awake. They see, not far away, a little house made of sugar, candy, cake, and raisins. Around the house there is a hedge made of gingerbread boys and girls. It is the witch's house.*]

Gretel. [*Sitting up and rubbing her eyes.*] Oh, look, Hansel! What a beautiful little house. Did you ever see anything so wonderful? And just smell the candy and gingerbread.

[*The children go up to the hedge.*]

Hansel. It can surely do no harm to take a little bite. I am so hungry.

[*He nibbles at one of the gingerbread boys.*]



GRETEL. I am starving. This candy door knob looks so good.

[*She breaks it off and eats it. Then they both begin taking a bite here, and a bite there. Suddenly an old witch comes out of the door.*]

WITCH. [*Trying to look pleasant.*]

Nibble, nibble, little mouse.
Who is nibbling at my house?

Oh! Two sweet little children, I see. Come in. Come in. Nobody knows how I love sweet little children. That is why I made my house of candy and gingerbread.

[*She pulls them inside. The children see a cage in the room, and there is also a big oven.*]

HANSEL. [*Whispering to Gretel.*] Be very careful. She means to make us into gingerbread children. We must both keep our eyes wide open. Do not be afraid. We will be too quick for her.

WITCH. Now you must be good little children. Then I will feed you on sweeties and make you nice and fat. [*She feels Gretel's arm.*] You are plump enough already. You may help me bake some gingerbread this morning.



GRETEL. [*Talking to herself.*] I know what she means. She thinks she is going to put me into the oven and turn me into a gingerbread girl. But we'll see about that.

WITCH. [*To Hansel.*] Come here, you poor little boy. You are so thin. Just step into this nice cage. See! I've put a basket of cake and raisins in it for you. Eat all you can. Then you will soon be plump like your sweet little sister.

[*She pushes Hansel into the cage and locks the door. Then she turns to Gretel.*]

WITCH. Come here, my sweet little sugar plum. Just set the table for me while the oven gets hot.

[*Gretel begins to set the table very slowly.*]

WITCH. Now come here, my sweet, and poke your head into the oven to see if it is hot enough.

HANSEL. [*Whispering to Gretel.*] Be careful what you do, Gretel.

[*Gretel nods her head at Hansel. She pretends not to hear the old witch, and keeps on setting the table.*]

WITCH. Come, my lovely sweetness. Do put your little head into the oven. We shall not get our gingerbread baked today unless you hurry.

GRETEL. [*Very politely.*] Indeed, my dear madam, I have never baked any gingerbread in my life. If you will just poke your head in first, then I'll know how to do it.

WITCH. [*Crossly.*] Why! just this way, my dear.

[*She pokes her head into the oven. Gretel pushes her in and slams the door shut. Then she unlocks the door of the cage, and out jumps Hansel. They both run to the oven door and hold it fast. Soon the oven gives a loud crack.*]



HANSEL. [*Joyfully.*] There! I guess she is done now. I'll open the door and see. [*Opens door.*] O look! She is the biggest gingerbread doll I've ever seen. But I don't want to eat any of her.

GRETEL. Neither do I. Let's go home.

[*Just as they leave the house they meet their father and mother, who have been looking for them all night. The father takes Gretel on his shoulder, while Hansel walks by his mother's side, as they all go happily homeward.*]

—Adapted from Humperdinck's Opera.

THE WHITE PEBBLE

Something to Find Out.—Why the Princess liked the elf's gift best of all.

I. HOW THE ELF TRIED TO FIND A GIFT

Once there was a Princess who was going to have a birthday party. The King and Queen had sent out a great many invitations. The Princess was to have the largest birthday cake anyone had ever seen. It was to be covered with pink frosting, and it was to have seven pink candles on each slice.

Everyone was talking of the party. "What are you going to wear?" they asked each other. And, "What are you going to give for a present?"

"I suppose we really must take her presents," they all said, "but it does seem foolish to give anything to the Princess. She has more now than she knows what to do with—why, she has everything."

However, they went on buying boxes of candy, flowers, dolls, picture books, games, hair-ribbons, handkerchiefs, and gloves. Everyone tried to spend as much as possible to make the gift seem great.

There was one guest invited to the party who had no money with which to buy a present. He was a little brown elf. He did not think about what he should wear to the Princess's party. All he thought was, "Oh, what can I give the dear Princess? I want to give her the loveliest thing in all the wide, wide world, and I have no money. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

He thought and thought. "Perhaps I can earn some money," he said. "It will do no harm to try."

So when Mr. Bee of the garden came buzzing by, the little brown elf called out, "Hoo-oo! Mr. Bee! Hoo-oo! I'll go very fast to all your flowers for you and gather the honey, if you will pay me some money. Then you can take a rest."

Mr. Bee looked rather surprised.

"I want just enough money to buy the Princess a birthday present," the little elf said.

But the bee buzzed away and paid no attention to him. Mr. Bee was not used to being spoken to when he was so busy. He was not used to sitting down to rest. He never thought of any-



thing but work. In fact, he had not even heard that the Princess was going to have a party.

So the little brown elf walked on. In a little while he came to Mrs. Lily-flower's garden patch. It was looking rather dry. "O Mrs. Lily-flower!" said the little brown elf, "I will gather for you a bucketful of dew if you will just give me a bit of your gold. I want to buy a present for the Princess."

Mrs. Lily-flower shook her head. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I'm sure it is going to rain soon."

So the little brown elf walked on. He went from one place to another. It was the same everywhere he went. He tried everything that he

could think of, but no one wanted an errand boy or a helper.

The time passed quickly away, until by and by the day of the party came. Everyone was beautifully dressed. Everyone had a present wrapped up in tissue paper and tied with gay ribbons; that is—everyone except one person. The poor little brown elf had nothing.

"Oh, what can I take the Princess for a birthday gift?" he said to himself sadly.

He had nothing of his own—nothing at all of his own to take as a gift. But he would not give up. "I will go and hunt about in the woods and fields," he said to himself. "There are always lovely treasures to be picked up out of doors, if one only looks hard enough for them."

So he set forth.

He had not gone very far when he saw a dainty bird's nest swinging on a tree. "Oh," thought he, "surely no one will carry anything so pretty as that to the Princess! How she would like to see it." But the nest belonged to a little gray bird, and so the brown elf would not take it. "It is not mine

to take," he said. "I will just have a look at the eggs, though. That can do no harm."

He peeped into the nest and then went on his way, whistling to keep himself merry. By and by he came to a strawberry patch. In it were large, juicy berries. "Oh, how I should like to gather some for the Princess," he said to himself. But he did not take any. They were not his to take.

II. WHAT THE ELF GAVE THE PRINCESS

Then the little elf sighed and rubbed his eyes. And when he rubbed his eyes, he stubbed his toe. And when he stubbed his toe, down he went in the dust—all in a little brown heap.

He picked himself up, and dusted his clothes neatly. Then he looked down to see what had made him stumble. There, lying in the path, was a white pebble. It was so white and so pretty that the little elf picked it up at once. Indeed, it was a lovely, smooth stone. The little elf would have put it into his pocket as a treasure of his very own if he had not thought, "Why, this pebble is pretty enough to give to the Princess!"



Now he whistled, because he was truly happy. He polished his pebble until it was bright and shining. Then he set forth to the birthday party.

When at last he reached the palace he found that everyone was beautifully dressed. Each guest carried a package wrapped up in tissue paper and tied with a gay ribbon. The little brown elf went in with the rest. He held his precious pebble in his hand. It was not tied up in tissue paper, and it had no ribbon on it, but the little elf was too happy to care about that.

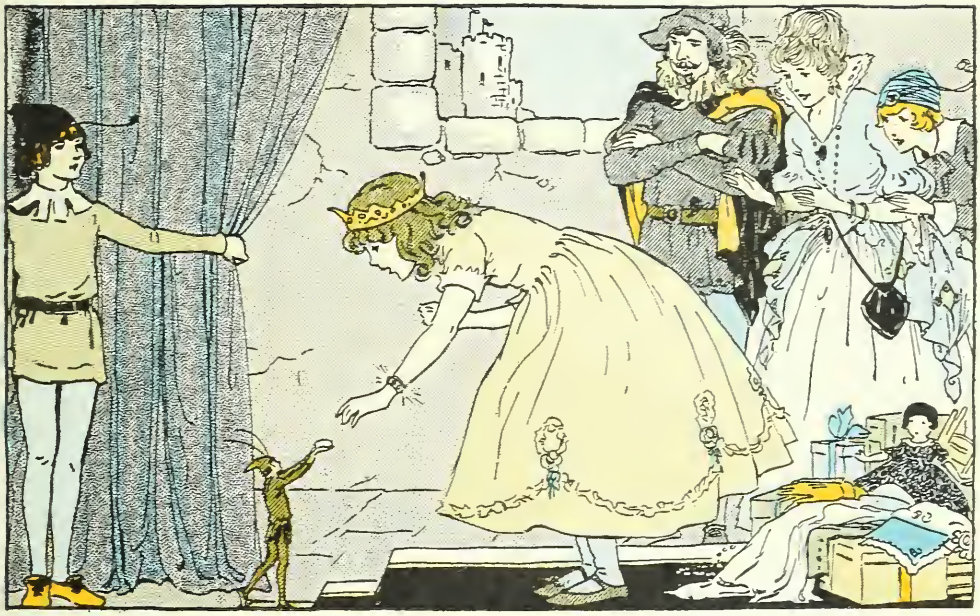
Everyone pushed and pushed, and tried to be first to wish the Princess a happy birthday, but

the little brown elf waited patiently for his turn at the end of the line. The Princess had been wished "Happy Birthday" many, many times, before his turn came. She had opened all the wonderful bundles wrapped up in tissue paper and had seen all the big boxes of candy, the lovely ribbons, and the beautiful dolls. She had looked at the fine picture books and the jolly games. She had admired the pretty handkerchiefs and gloves.

When she saw the little brown elf at the end of the line, she smiled at him in a friendly way. "I have a present for you, too, dear Princess," said the elf. "It is only a white pebble, but I think it is very beautiful."

Then the little brown elf put his gift into the Princess's hand. The Princess smiled. "Oh, oh!" she cried. "How lovely! How wonderful!" She danced about and clapped her hands. Everyone came running to see what the last birthday present was. It seemed to please the Princess more than anything else she had received.

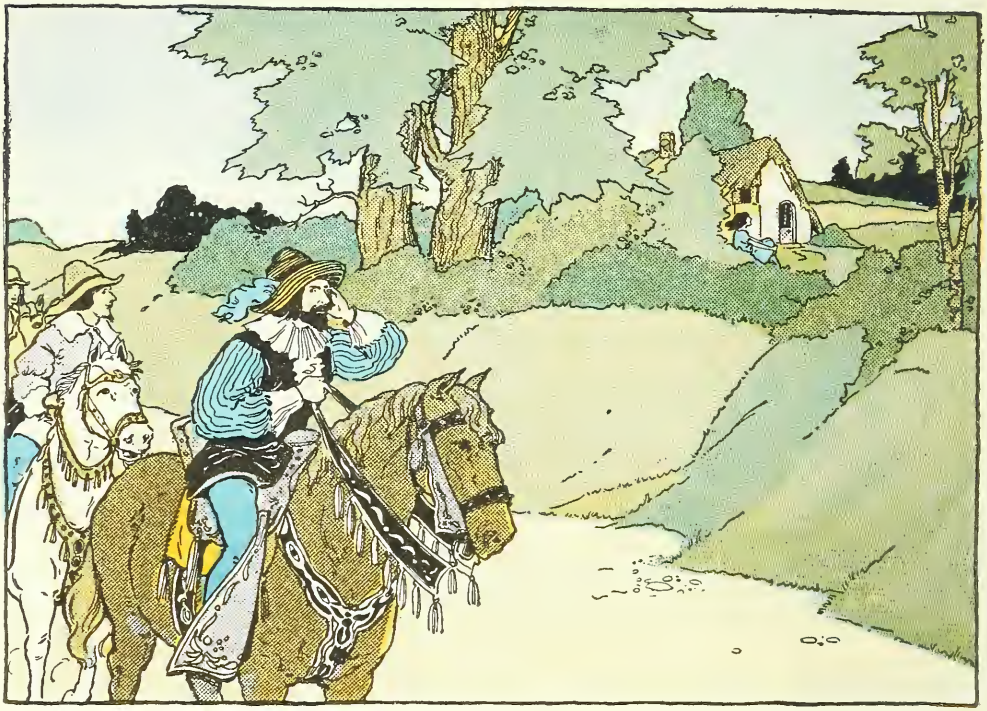
"A lucky stone! A lucky stone!" they all cried. "Now the Princess will be happy forever and ever!"



Whether or not the Princess believed in lucky stones I do not know, but I do know that she liked the little brown elf's present more than all the other gifts she received on her birthday.

There was someone else who was happy on that day. It was the little brown elf, who had given the best that he had to the Princess. And because he had given it so willingly and lovingly, it had been the most welcome gift of all.

—*Patten Beard.*



THE SINGING MAID

Something to Find Out.—Why Romaine was not happy when she was like the Princess.

I. ROMAINE AND THE UNKIND PRINCESS

One day as the King of a far-away country was riding along the road, he heard someone singing. The voice was so very sweet that he stopped his horse to listen. When the song was ended, he sent one of his men to find out who the singer was. Soon the man came back and said: "Your

Majesty, the voice is that of a little singer called Romaine. Her eyes are as dark as the night, and her hair is as black as a raven's feathers. She lives with an old aunt in yonder cottage. Do you wish to speak to her, Your Majesty?"

"Yes," replied the King. "I will go to the cottage myself and talk to the aunt. Perhaps I can take the maid to my palace to sing for me."

The aunt said that she would be very proud to have her niece live at the palace and sing for the King; so the maid went gladly.

Now the King had a daughter named Altheda, who was just about the age of Romaine. The Princess was as fair as Romaine was dark. Her eyes were as blue as the sky, and her hair shone like gold; she was very beautiful. She could dance, and she could play on the harp, but she could not sing a note. Often, after hearing Romaine sing, the Princess tried to sing, too; but only a horrible sound came from her throat. And because of this, the Princess did not like the dark little singer, whom everyone else in the palace had grown to love.

Romaine never tired of watching Princess Altheda play the harp, or dance in the garden, or ride out in her coach; but never would the Princess speak to the singing maid, Romaine. As the days went by, Princess Altheda grew more and more beautiful, so that everyone talked of her beauty. But no one knew how selfish she was and how unkind to the singing maid.

Several years later the King prepared a big celebration for Princess Altheda's birthday. A big feast was made ready, and people came from far and near for the birthday party.

Many of the guests came not only to see the beautiful Princess, but also to hear Romaine sing. For just as the Princess had become famous throughout the whole kingdom for her beauty, so had the singing maid become famous for her wonderful voice. But the guests did not hear Romaine sing, because the Princess had requested that Romaine should not be heard, or even seen, at the party. The King felt very sorry about his daughter's request, but as it was her birthday, he allowed her to have her way.

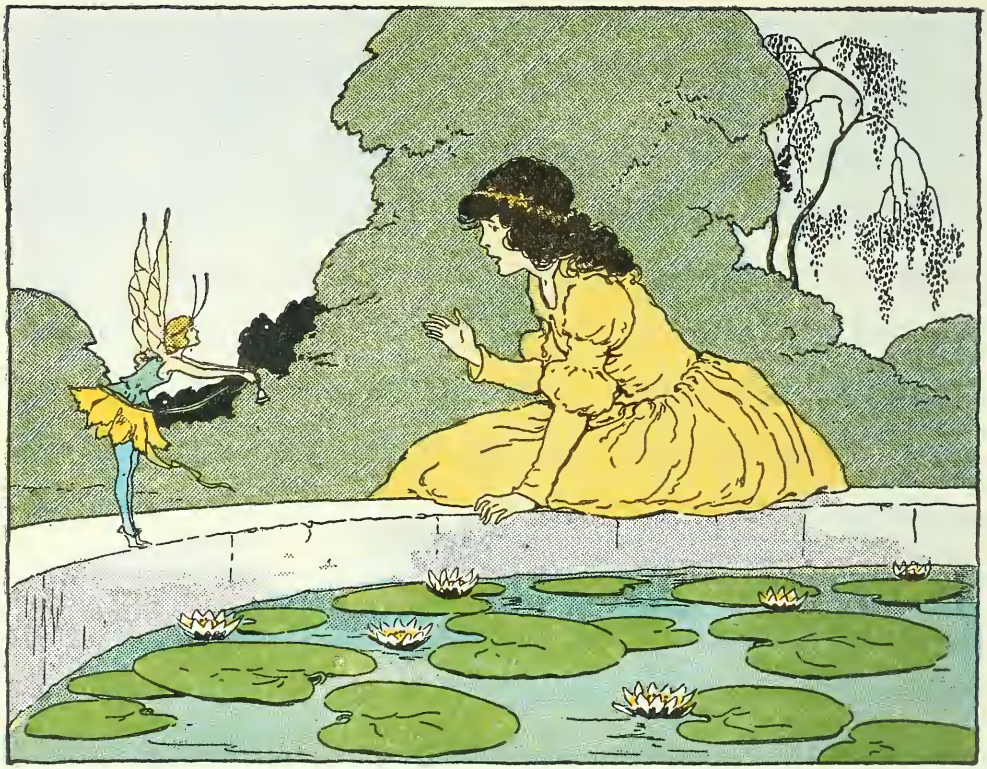
II. WHAT ROMAINE LEARNED IN FAIRYLAND

When Romaine's birthday came a few weeks later, the King was anxious to do something to make her happy. Calling the singing maid to him, he said, "Here is a gold piece for your birthday, Romaine. And you may go away anywhere you wish for a week; but be sure to come back at the end of the week."

Romaine thanked the King and went into the garden. She sat down by the pool to think. What should she do with the gold piece? She already had everything that she needed to wear, and she could not think of anything that she wanted to buy.

"There is just one thing in the whole wide world that I want, and money can't buy that," sighed Romaine.

"Oh, I wish ——" And just then, the daintiest little fairy you ever saw stood before Romaine and said, "What is it you wish for that money cannot buy, Romaine? I am your fairy godmother, and I will give you your wish if you will tell me what it is."



"Oh, will you, will you?" cried Romaine, in surprise and delight. "Well, then, let me be just like the beautiful Princess Altheda for one whole week."

"Oh, Romaine," answered the fairy, "I wonder if you know just what you are asking for. Although Princess Altheda is beautiful, we fairies know that she is not always happy. If you wish to be just like the beautiful Princess Altheda, you will have not only her beauty but her faults, too. Think well before you make your wish."

"Oh, but I *do* want to be like her, more than anything else in the world, dear fairy. Please give me my wish," said Romaine.

"Very well," replied the fairy godmother; "you may have your wish. I will give you this little bell, which you must ring if you need me before the end of the week."

Then the fairy tapped three times with her stick, and Romaine suddenly found herself in fairyland. There was a beautiful palace, with a garden and a pool, just like the King's; and Romaine found herself wearing a dress just like one the Princess wore.

"Can I really be like Princess Altheda?" Romaine asked herself. She ran into the palace and peeped into a big mirror, and lo!—she did look just like the Princess. Her eyes were as blue as the bluest sky, and her hair shone like gold!

"Oh! Oh!" cried Romaine, "I really do look like her! And I can be like this for a whole week!"

She was very happy; so happy that she wanted to sing the most beautiful song she knew. But alas! when she tried to sing, only a horrible sound came from her throat. Try as hard as she

could, not a note could she sing. What did she care for fine clothes, or even for being as beautiful as the Princess, if she could not sing!

After three days had passed, Romaine was so unhappy that it seemed as if her heart would break. Finally she went out into the garden and sat down by the pool. Suddenly she remembered that the fairy had given her a bell to call her if she needed help. But where was the bell? She couldn't remember a thing about it after the fairy had given it to her. So Romaine ran into the fairy palace and looked everywhere for the little bell, but she could not find it. At last she went back to the pool and sat down.

"Pity me!" said Romaine to herself. "I cannot find the bell, and so I must stay here four more days. How can I ever stand it? I've been here only three days now, and I'm so unhappy. Oh, if I could only sing!"

Just then Romaine started to get up from her seat, and her foot touched something. She looked down—and there was a little bell! Yes—it was the very same one the fairy had given her. She had

dropped it in her excitement at finding herself in fairyland. Quickly Romaine rang the bell, and at once her fairy godmother stood before her.

"Oh, fairy godmother," cried Romaine, "please send me back to the King's palace, and let me be just myself again."

"What, Romaine?" said the fairy. "After only three days? Are you not happy in being as beautiful as Princess Altheda?"

"Oh, no!" answered Romaine, "I cannot sing! That is why I am so unhappy. I should love to be like the beautiful Princess, but my heart will break if I cannot sing."

"But," said the fairy, "the Princess cannot sing, Romaine. And if you are just like her, of course you cannot sing, either."

"I didn't know that, dear fairy, when I made my wish. Poor Princess Altheda! I shall never envy her again. Please send me back, and I shall always be content to be Romaine, the singing maid."

So the fairy tapped her stick three times, and Romaine found herself back in the King's palace.

She was very happy now. Her heart was filled with pity for the Princess who could not sing, and soon the maid began to love her. As time went by, Altheda grew very fond of Romaine. But although everyone in the palace noticed that the Princess and the singing maid were becoming friends, only you and her fairy godmother and I know why; for Romaine never told anyone about her visit to fairyland.

—*Anne Gage.*





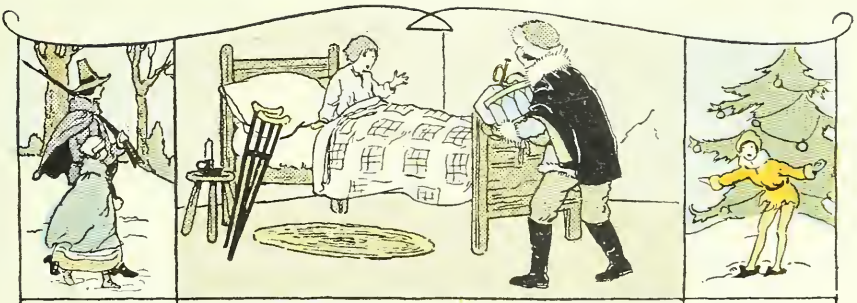
THE VISIT

When I went to Fairyland, visiting the Queen,
I rode upon a peacock, blue and gold and green;
Silver was the harness, crimson were the reins,
All hung about with little bells that swung on silken chains.

When I went to Fairyland, indeed you cannot think
What pretty things I had to eat, what pretty things to drink.
And did you know that butterflies could sing like little birds?
And did you guess that fairy-talk is not a bit like words?

When I went to Fairyland—of all the lovely things!—
They really taught me how to fly; they gave me fairy
wings;
And every night I listen for a tapping on the pane—
I want so very much to go to Fairyland again.

—*Rose Fyleman.*



PART VI

STORIES AND POEMS FOR SPECIAL DAYS







A TRUE THANKSGIVING STORY

Read to Remember.—Read the story carefully to see how much you can learn about Thanksgiving Day.

I. THE VISIT TO GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE

It was the day before Thanksgiving. Tom and Betty White were skipping all over the house in great glee, for they were going to spend Thanksgiving with Grandfather and Grandmother White, who lived just ten miles away, on a big farm.

Their father had come home early from work, and had gone to the barn to hitch the horse to the sleigh. Their mother was busy getting together the warmest wraps she could find, for it was very, very cold.

"Put on your brown coat and hood, Betty," said her mother; "and Tom must wear his scarf to keep his ears warm. I will take Father's scarf to him, and you children may bring the basket of fresh cookies that I made for Grandmother."



In a few minutes they were all bundled up in the sleigh and on their way to Grandfather's house. Over the river and through the woods they went. "Jingle, jingle!" sounded the bells, as the sleigh skimmed lightly over the soft, white snow. It seemed a short time—too short, indeed, the children thought—before they reached the farm-yard gate. At the window of the house stood Grandmother in her snowy white cap, waving her hand to them. Oh, how they loved Grandmother, and Grandfather, too!

Grandmother soon had a hot supper on the table, and after supper they all sat down before the bright

open fire in the living room. Then Grandfather lighted the big lamp on the table. How warm and cozy it seemed after their cold ride!

Soon their father said, "Come! it's time for you chicks to go to bed. It is long past Betty's bedtime now."

"O Father!" said Betty, "I'm not a bit sleepy! And, besides, Grandmother hasn't told us a story yet."

"That's right, John," said Grandmother to Betty's father. "You know I always have to tell them a story at bedtime, just as I told you one when you were a little boy."

Then Betty and Tom sat on two little stools at Grandmother's feet while she told them an old, old Thanksgiving story.

II. HOW THE PILGRIMS CAME TO AMERICA

"About three hundred years ago," said Grandmother, "there were a number of people living in England who were very unhappy. And this is the reason why. The King of England would not let them worship God in their own way. If they refused to worship as the King thought best, they were put

into prison. So a band of brave people, who were afterwards called 'Pilgrims,' left England and went to a country called Holland, where they could be free and happy.

"After staying in Holland a few years they thought they would like to make their homes in the big new country called America. There were very few people living in America then except the Indians.

"So the Pilgrims hired two ships called the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower* to sail across the ocean. Just as they were about to start, it was found that the *Speedwell* was too leaky to go on such a trip, and all the people had to crowd into the *Mayflower*. There were about one hundred men, women, and children.

"One beautiful morning in September, in the year 1620, these brave people bade their friends good-bye and set sail for the strange new land of America. For nine long weeks they sailed and sailed. At last one winter morning they landed on the shore of what is now Massachusetts.

"As it was bitterly cold, the men left the women and children on the ship, while they went ashore to build log houses for their families to live in.

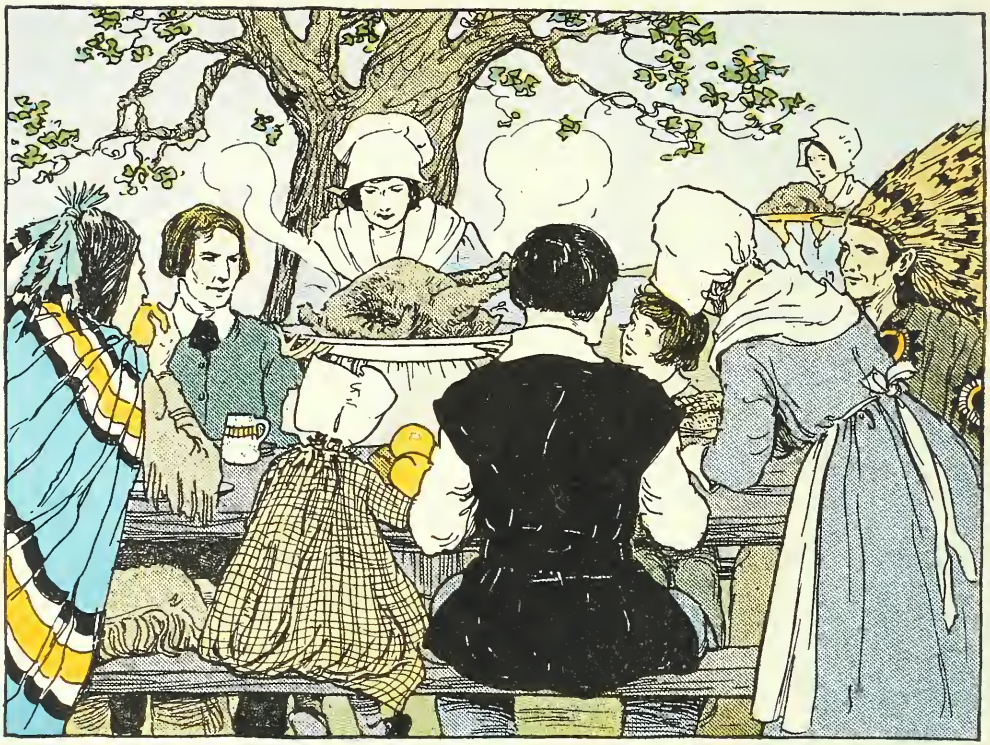
"The Pilgrims had a very hard time that first winter, and suffered greatly from hunger and cold. They lived, too, in fear of the Indians, who killed many of them because they did not want white men to build homes in this country."

III. THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

"When springtime came, the Pilgrims planted corn and other grains. They also planted carrots, parsnips, turnips, cabbages, and other vegetables. All the people worked very hard to make things grow, remembering how often they had been hungry during the long winter that had just passed. The days of summer flew by, and soon autumn came.

"The Pilgrims were very happy then, for big crops stood ready to be harvested. They set to work storing away food for the long, cold winter. To make the Pilgrims still more happy, the Indians no longer tried to kill them, but became quite friendly.

"At last the crops were all gathered into storehouses. There were great golden ears of corn and great golden pumpkins. There were also wild grapes



on the vines, and chestnuts, hickory nuts, and walnuts under the trees, while wild turkeys could be found in the forests.

"'Friends,' said the governor of the Pilgrims one November day, 'we have a fine harvest. Shall we not give thanks to God, who brought us through the terrible winter, and has given us food for the coming year? Let us rest from our work and have a week of feasting and Thanksgiving. We will invite our Indian friends to join with us.'

"So the Pilgrims and the Indians had a happy Thanksgiving together—and that is the end of my story," said Grandmother.

"Is it a true story, Grandmother?" asked Tom.

"Yes, dear," answered Grandmother. "And that is the way Thanksgiving day began. Nowadays the President of our country tells the people to have a Thanksgiving day on the last Thursday in November to thank God for the harvest and all the other blessings He has given us through the year."

"I like that story, Grandmother," said Betty, "I wish I had been a little Pilgrim."

"I'd rather have been an Indian," said Tom.

"Well," said Grandmother, "perhaps you can be a little Pilgrim and an Indian tomorrow. We will go up into the attic after breakfast and see what we can find to dress up in. I should love to have a Pilgrim maiden and an Indian chief take dinner with me tomorrow."

"O what fun!" cried the children.

"And now to bed," said Father, as he took a child under each arm and carried them upstairs.

—*A Tale from History.*

KRISS KRINGLE

Just as the moon was fading
  Amid her misty rings,
And every stocking was stuffed
  With childhood's precious things,

Old Kriss Kringle looked around,
  And saw on the elm-tree bough,
High hung, an oriole's nest,
  Lonely and empty now.

"Quite a stocking," he laughed,
  "Hung up there on a tree!
I didn't suppose the birds
  Expected a present from me!"

Then old Kriss Kringle, who loves
  A joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of snowflakes
  Into the oriole's empty nest.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

BONIFACE AND KEEP-IT-ALL

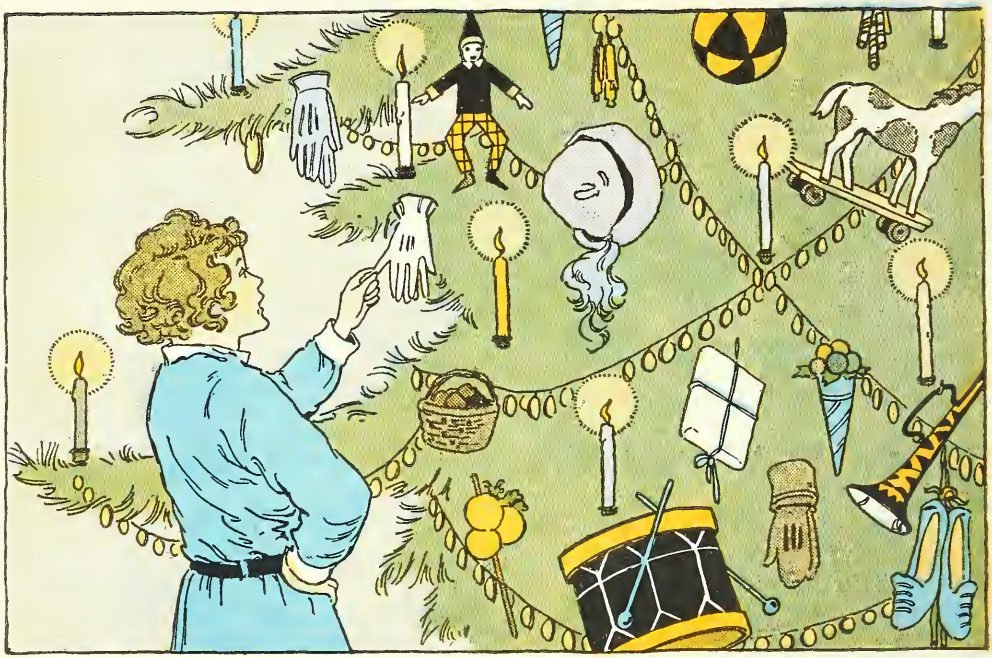
Something to Find Out.—How Boniface learned that a kind heart would make him happy.

I. THE SELFISH PRINCE

Boniface was a prince. His father was the King of Good-land, and his mother was the Queen. Prince Boniface was their only child. He was very young, but it could easily be seen that he was going to be strong and tall and straight like his father. There came a time when his mother and father feared that Prince Boniface was growing a bit selfish.

Indeed this was not strange, for he had everything he wanted, and scarcely ever in his life had he seen anyone who was very poor or sick or in trouble. Besides this, in the palace and on the streets the people always bowed before him.

It was Christmas Day, and at the palace everything was gayly trimmed. There was a tall Christmas tree in the great hall, and Prince Boniface had another Christmas tree in his room, all his own.



What a wonderful tree it was! It glittered and sparkled like the diamonds in his father's crown. There was almost everything on the tree and all around it that even a prince could wish for. There were coins — big, yellow, shining coins; there were beautiful cloaks, caps, and gloves; there were toys of all kinds; and sweetmeats enough to fill the mouths of a hundred children. In fact there was everything that a prince might want to spend, to wear, to eat, or to play with.

"What are you going to do with all these things, my son?" asked his mother.

"I am going to keep them all," answered the selfish Prince.

"Would you not like to give some of them away to some poor children?" asked his mother. "That would make them very happy. One of those coins would be a great fortune to a poor fisherman's boy."

"But I want to spend all the coins myself," said the Prince. "I do not want to give any of them away."

"You have a great many pairs of gloves of several colors," said the Queen. "You surely could spare one pair of those. There are many poor children whose fingers are blue with the cold."

"But I want to keep them all; I need them all. A prince ought to have different gloves for every day in the week."

"Well, just look at all your toys and sweetmeats," said his mother. "You might spare a bundle of toys and a box of sweets to many poor children and still have quite enough left for yourself. They have so much less than you have."

"But a prince *ought* to have more than anyone else!" cried the selfish boy. "I want to keep every-

thing I have. It would spoil my Christmas if I had to give away any of my presents," said the Prince, crossly.

"A prince with such a name as yours should not say that," said his mother.

"What do you mean? What has my name to do with it?" asked the Prince in surprise.

"Your name is Boniface," said the Queen, "and Boniface means one who is kind and generous."

"Then I will change my name!" cried the Prince, angrily.

His mother quietly went away, leaving him frowning, and digging his heels into the velvety rug. When his old nurse came into the room a few minutes later, he was still frowning.

"Merry Christmas to Your Highness!" she said. But the Prince did not seem to hear her.

"What is the matter with Your Highness this happy Christmas Day?" asked the nurse.

"It is not a happy Christmas Day," said the Prince. 'My mother wants me to give everything away."

"Everything?" asked the old nurse.

"Well, almost everything," said Boniface; "and I want to keep it all. It would just spoil my Christmas to give things away. I don't like that kind of Christmas. I don't like to give things away. I wish I lived in a place where I never had to give things away. I don't like my name, either. I wish I had another name!"

"Sh!" said the old nurse. "It is Christmas Day. You must be very careful what you wish on Christmas Day. It might come true. Sometimes when a person makes a wish on Christmas Day, a spell comes over him."

"What is a spell?" asked the Prince.

"A spell," said the old nurse, "—why, a spell is a kind of magic. It makes you do strange things; it changes you. It makes you say what it wants, and it makes you do what it wants. Your Highness should be careful what you wish on Christmas Day. It might come true. I wouldn't wish that I had another name or lived in another place, if I were you."

"But I do wish it," said the Prince, stamping his foot. "I wish it, I wish it, I wish it, I wish it!"



Without saying another word, the Prince put on his new, fur-trimmed velvet cloak. He opened a drawer where his coins were kept and dropped a handful into his pocket; he stuffed some toys into another large pocket inside his cloak; and he put some sweetmeats into the pouch at his side—all that the pouch would hold. Then he pulled his fur cap down over his ears as far as it would go, and started for the door.

"Where is Your Highness going?" asked the nurse. The Prince made no answer, but slammed the door as he went out.

II. THE MAGIC SPELL AT WORK

The Prince really intended to go only around the corner to see his uncle, the Duke, and show him some of his gifts. But to his great surprise he found that he could not turn the corner. His feet kept going straight ahead, straight ahead, because, you see, the magic spell was on him.

On the way he met the Duke and wanted to speak to him, but his feet would not stop. The Duke did not bow to him. This seemed very strange to the Prince. Nobody bowed to him. He tried to stop to find out why the people did not bow to him, but his feet would not stop. They kept going on — left, right; left, right, straight forward. Down the hill he went, to a narrow street where the houses were small and rickety.

His feet carried him right to the door of one of those houses, and before he knew it he found himself knocking at the door. Why he knocked he could not for the life of him say, but you and I know that it was because the spell was on him. An old man with a wrinkled face opened the door.



"Merry Christmas," said the Prince, as he entered, for he had not forgotten his manners, even if the spell was on him.

"It is Christmas, to be sure," said the old man, "but it is not a Merry Christmas in this house."

"Why not?" asked the Prince. "Is not everyone merry on Christmas Day?"

"My wife is sick," answered the man. "It has been a hard year, and we have had much trouble. I, for one, am not merry on this Christmas Day."

"What is your name?" asked the Prince.

"My name is Pierre," said the old man; "folks call me Pierre the Fisherman. What is your name?"

"Keep-it-all," said the Prince, for the magic spell was on his tongue.

"Keep-it-all?" asked Pierre, smiling at the strange name.

"No," said the Prince, who did not mean to say that name, "no; it is—it is—Keep-it-all." He tried with all his might to say "Boniface," but his tongue would say nothing except "Keep-it-all."

"Where do you live?" asked the old man.

"At Greedy Castle," answered the Prince.

"Greedy Castle?" asked the old man, who had never heard of such a place.

"No! no!—Greedy Castle!" The Prince tried hard to say "Good-land," but he could not for the life of him say it. The spell was on him, you see.

"Keep-it-all from Greedy Castle!" said the old man. "That is certainly a queer name."

The Prince was so surprised at the way his tongue acted that he did not know what to say. At last he asked, "Where is your Christmas tree?"

"We have no Christmas tree," said Pierre.

"Why not?" asked the Prince. He had never heard of anyone who did not have a Christmas tree.

"We have no money. It takes money to buy a Christmas tree," answered the old man, sadly.

"I have money," said the Prince. "I will give you some, and then you can buy a tree."

He felt very sorry for Pierre the Fisherman; he had never seen anyone so poor as this old man.

"I will give you some money," he said again. He put his hand into his pocket—that is, he *tried* to put his hand into his pocket, but he could not find the opening. In fact, there was no opening! No matter how hard he tried, he could not get to his money. He had to *keep it all.* As he saw the poor fisherman waiting, he became so ashamed that it is hard to say what would have happened if the spell hadn't turned him around and marched him out of the door and down the street.

Soon he found himself climbing a very rickety pair of stairs and knocking at a very rickety door.

"Come in," said a thin little voice.

The young Prince went in, and there he saw the owner of that thin little voice propped up in bed. His face, too, was very thin and very pale.

"Why don't you get up?" asked the Prince.



"I can't get up. I have had an accident. It was a long time ago," said the boy.

"What is your name?" asked the Prince.

"My name is Louis," answered the thin little voice. "They call me Louis the Cripple, but I don't like that name. My father is a carpenter. What is your name?"

"Keep-it-all from Greedy Castle," said the Prince. "No! no! I don't mean that; give me a pencil and some paper, and I will write it for you." He tried to write "Boniface from Good-land," but his fingers would not write the words. This is what he really wrote: "K-e-e-p—i-t—a-l-l f-r-o-m G-r-e-e-d-y C-a-s-t-l-e."

"Keep-it-all from Greedy Castle!" said Louis. "What a funny name!"

The Prince looked ashamed. At last he said, "Where are your toys?"

"I have no toys," said the little boy, sadly. "My father has no money for toys."

"I have some toys for you, right here inside my cloak," said the Prince. He put his hand inside his cloak for the toys—that is, he *tried* to put his hand inside his cloak. But for the life of him he could not get a single one. The cloak was as tight as if it had been locked. You see, the spell was on the cloak.

The Prince wanted to give Louis some of those toys very much, but he could not do so; he had to keep them all. He was glad to open the rickety door, walk down the rickety stairs, and be out once more on the street.

Soon he came to a sweetmeat shop that had a great window. Right in front of the window, with their noses pressed against the pane, was a little group of ragged boys and girls. They were looking hungrily at the many sweets inside.



"Would you like some sweetmeats?" asked the Prince, going up to the children.

"Yes! yes!" they all said at once.

"I have some in my pouch for you," said the Prince. He put his hand into his pouch and drew out the most wonderful sweets you ever saw. "Here is a piece for each of you," he said. But the sweets stuck to his hands, and for the life of him he could not get the candy off. If he pulled a piece off one finger it would stick to another. The

boys and girls could not pull it off, either. At last they gave it up, and called him "Sticky Fingers."

"We don't want any of your sweets," they said. "You may keep them all."

And indeed there was nothing for the Prince to do but to keep them all. He put on his gloves and ran away as fast as he could go. He was running so fast as he turned the corner that he almost knocked down little Bernard, the baker's son. The boy had his arms full of loaves, and was crying.

"What is the matter?" asked the Prince.

"I am cold; my ears and fingers are nearly frozen," said the boy. His ears were very red indeed, and his fingers were very blue.

"You may have my cap and gloves," said the Prince kindly. "I have many more at home." But the spell was on the cap and gloves. He could no more pull his cap off than he could pull his head off; and he could no more pull off his gloves than he could pull off his fingers. Bernard thought the Prince was making fun of him, and ran away.

By this time the Prince's heart was nearly broken. He started up the hill as fast as he could run,

toward the palace, saying to himself at every step, "I wish my name were Boniface and that I lived in Good-land."

"Halt!" said the guard who stood outside the big door of the palace. "What is your name?"

"I am Prince Boniface." How happy the Prince was to find that he could say his own name again!

"I beg Your Highness's pardon," said the guard, as he opened the door and bowed to the Prince.

III. WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE SPELL LEFT BONIFACE

The Prince rushed into the palace, and if he had not been a prince I really believe he would have burst out crying. His old nurse was glad enough to see him again.

"Where has Your Highness been this long time?" she asked.

"Oh, looking around the town," said he, carelessly.

After a while he told her what had really happened: how he had seen Pierre the Fisherman, and Louis the Cripple, and the boys and girls before

the great candy window, and Bernard, the baker's son, whose ears were red and whose fingers were blue with the cold. He told her how he had wanted to give something to them all. When she asked him why he had not done so, he answered, "I could not get into my pouch."

"Why not?" asked his old nurse, as she saw that his pouch opened easily enough now.

"And I could not get inside my cloak to find the toys," he went on.

"Why not?" she asked again, as he now unclasped the cloak quite easily.

"And I could not get the sweetmeats off my fingers," he said.

"Why not?" she asked once more, for when she held out her hand, he put the sweets into it easily enough.

"And I could not take off my cap or my gloves," he said.

"Why not?" she said, as his cap flew into the air, and his gloves went all the way across the room, so hard did he pull.

"I do not know," answered the Prince.

"Well, I know," said the old nurse. "It was the spell. You wished it on, and I think that you must have wished it off again."

"That is true," said the Prince. "On the way back to the palace I wished to be Prince Boniface always and to live in Good-land all my life."

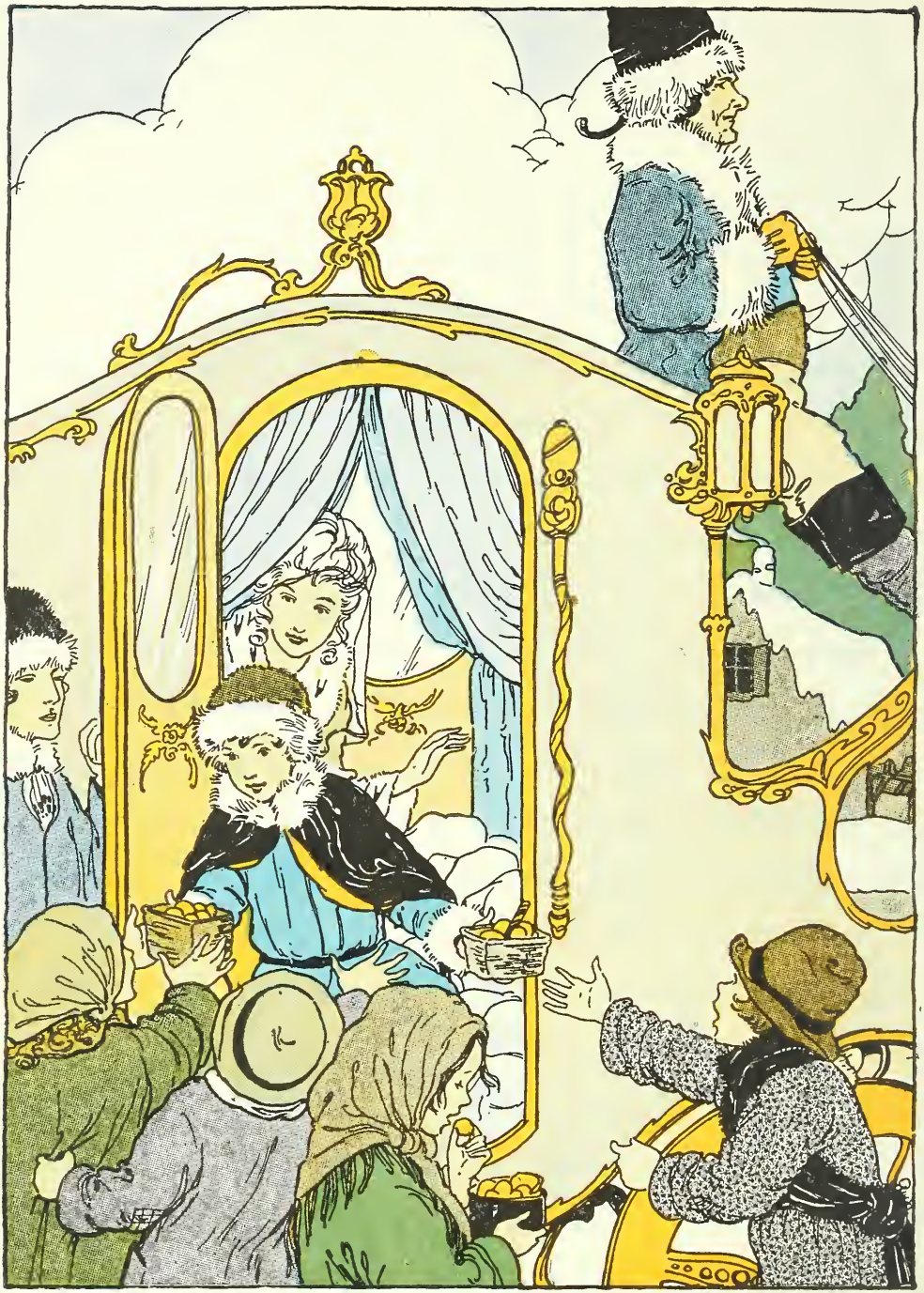
While he was talking to the old nurse, his mother came into the room, dressed for a drive.

"I should like to go with you, Mother," said the Prince. "I should like to go with you, for I want to give some of my things away."

"Now my son speaks like a real Prince Boniface," said the Queen, joyfully.

In a short time the Prince and his mother were in the royal carriage, with many packages all around them. The Queen told the coachman to drive wherever the Prince wanted to go.

First they stopped at Pierre the Fisherman's and gave him a handful of shining, yellow coins. The old man's eyes filled with tears of joy. Then they visited Louis the Cripple and gave him some wonderful toys. How his eyes sparkled with pleasure! Next they went to the street where the great



sweetmeat shop stood, and gave to the children that were looking into the window more sweets than they had ever had in all their lives. After that, they found Bernard, the baker's son, and gave him a beautiful cap and some warm gloves. They went to many, many other places, too, which I haven't time to tell you about.

That was a wonderful day for Prince Boniface. Before night came he was planning for the next Christmas and thinking of the many things he would give away to make other people happy.

Boniface grew to be a kind prince. All the people loved him, and he became known as "Good Prince Boniface." Later in life, when his hair was sprinkled with gray, they called him "King Boniface, the Good."

—*Jay T. Stocking.*

THE GLAD NEW YEAR

It's coming, boys,
  It's almost here.
It's coming, girls,
  The grand New Year.

A year to be glad in,
  Not to be sad in;
A year to live in,
  To gain and give in.

A year for trying,
  And not for sighing;
A year for striving
  And healthy thriving.

It's coming, boys,
  It's almost here.
It's coming, girls,
  The grand New Year.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

WHAT THE NEW YEAR BRINGS

Something to Find Out.—Which month brings the gifts that you like best?

Time—Midnight

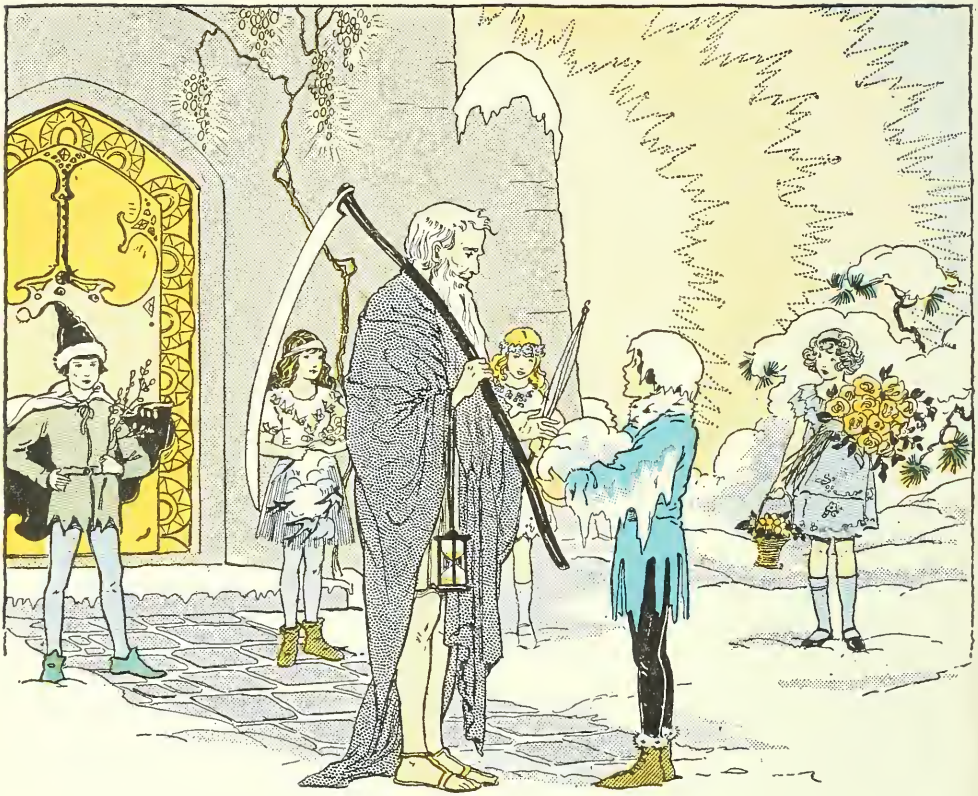
Place—Before the Palace of Father Time

Persons:

Father Time — Twelve Children

[*Father Time, an old man with a long white beard, is seen coming out of a glittering white palace. Bells are heard ringing, which tell that the Old Year is just going, and that the New Year is coming. As soon as the bells stop ringing twelve children (the twelve months of the year) come running up to Father Time. They make a circle around him, and dance and sing merrily. When their dance is over, Father Time speaks to them.*]

Father Time. Welcome, my merry children! It makes my heart glad to see you. I could not make the New Year without your help. It is midnight, and for a little while we will talk over our plans. Then January must start on his way.



How will you begin the New Year, January?

JANUARY. [*Stepping up in front of Father Time.*] I shall begin the New Year, good Father Time, with happy wishes for all. Then, as I go on my way, I shall cover the earth with beautiful snow, which will make fun for boys and girls. It will also make a warm coverlet for seeds and plants. I shall make plenty of ice for skating, and for storing away in ice-houses until the heat of

summer. Then, when the hot days of July come, folks will sometimes think of me.

FATHER TIME. Good enough, January; I am sure you will do your part well. Ho, February! What gifts will you bring?

FEBRUARY. [*Skipping forward.*] For gayety I shall bring valentines. For love of country I shall bring Washington's birthday, with many stories of the boy who was always truthful and brave. Under the snow, I shall hide some flowers, the lovely snowdrops, for any who are brave enough to look for them in spite of the biting cold.

FATHER TIME. You are a good boy, February, to remind us of George Washington, and to throw in a little fun, besides. What ho! where is March, that blustering fellow?

MARCH. [*Coming noisily forward.*] Here I am, Father Time. Though I am a blustering fellow, I shall try to do some real work. I shall dry up the pools after January's snow has melted. I shall blow away the dead leaves, so that the tiny plants may have the sunshine. And perhaps Pussy Willow will let me take off her winter

hood. Indeed, I shall do my best, even though I am always called a noisy fellow.

FATHER TIME. I believe you will, March. Your heart is all right, though your ways are a bit rough. Where is April? Ah! there she is.

APRIL. [*Making a low curtsy.*] I shall bring both showers and sunshine. My sunshine will coax robins and bluebirds back from the South, and my showers will water the tiny plants, so that my sister May can make her month beautiful with flowers. Everyone loves May.

FATHER TIME. You are a dear, unselfish sister, April. Now let us see what May has in store. She is loved by everyone for her gentle ways.

MAY. [*Dancing lightly forward.*] Mine is the month of joy and gladness. But it would not be so without the help of my sister April. Her gentle showers and mild sunshine will make my blossoms ready for May-Day baskets and for the May-pole dance. There could be no Queen of the May without April's help. At the end of my month I shall bring Memorial Day, with many flowers for the brave soldiers who died for our

country. I think June will have some roses ready for us by that time, too.

JUNE. [*Stepping forward and taking May's hand.*] The earliest roses I shall always try to have ready for your Memorial Day. I am called the month of roses. But I shall bring forth some fruits, as well. I shall have ripe red strawberries to offer—enough for all, unless Jack Frost lingers too long. I shall also celebrate the birthday of our flag—the red, white, and blue.

FATHER TIME. You are a very busy month, June, with your flowers and fruits, and a great birthday, besides. Now where is my patriotic July?

JULY. [*Marching forward and saluting.*] Here I am, Father Time. You may always be sure that I shall come with the dear old Stars and Stripes in my hand, and a few fireworks, too. What would the boys and girls do without the Fourth of July? I shall always bring gay music, and parades, and speeches, on that day. I think my Fourth is one of the greatest days of the whole year.

[*All the children wave their hands and cry, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! America forever!"*]

FATHER TIME. You are right, July. I hope you will never let us forget the day when we became a free country. You are a very important month. Now, where is August?

AUGUST. [*Walking lazily.*] Here I am, Father Time. I promise to provide plenty of heat to ripen September's fruits. I know that I am not a great favorite, but I shall do my best. My heat will drive many people from the hot cities to the pleasant country for rest from work. And what is more useful than a happy vacation?

FATHER TIME. We all need a little time to play,



August. I am sure you do more good than some people think. Here comes September.

SEPTEMBER. [*Taking August's hand.*] Indeed I am very grateful to August for his heat that will help ripen my fruits. As for me, I shall bring apples, peaches, pears, and grapes in great plenty. The trees will be bending down with their ripening load. I shall also make the fields gay with goldenrod, and with both white and purple asters. Mine is a very fruitful month.

FATHER TIME. Your fruits and flowers will be very welcome, dear September. Here comes October. What has he to offer?

OCTOBER. [*Stepping briskly forward.*] Dear Father Time, I hope you remember the verse:

> "O sun and skies and clouds of June,
> And flowers of June together,
> Ye cannot rival for one hour
> October's bright blue weather."

But I shall do more than make bright blue weather. I shall paint the leaves red, yellow, and brown. And oh! for the ripening nuts! Boys and girls will have merry nutting parties

during my crisp but sunny days. I have also two special days to celebrate. On Columbus Day the children always love to hear about the brave man who sailed over stormy seas and discovered a new country. And the very last day of my month is Halloween, when children pretend to make merry with witches and goblins.

FATHER TIME. You are a very merry lad, October, —almost as merry as March, and not quite so noisy. Now for November.

NOVEMBER. [*Coming forward.*] At first people will find me rather sad, dear Father Time, because my winds bring down the leaves, and make the trees look bare. But I shall bring Armistice Day, the day of great peace, and also Thanksgiving Day, when everyone will rejoice and give thanks for our many blessings. Thanksgiving is always a happy time; so my month will end in gladness.

FATHER TIME. You are a most useful month, November, although you are not all sunshine. Now, who is this jolly fellow with the happy look in his eyes?

DECEMBER. [*Coming gayly forward.*] Oh! I am

December, dear Father Time. I am the month of the Christmas Spirit. I shall bring with me great bunches of holly with bright red berries, as well as sweet-smelling pines and spruces for Christmas trees. The wonderful Star of Bethlehem shall be my guide as I go on my way singing Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men.

[*The children again make a circle around Father Time, dancing and singing for a few moments. At a signal from Father Time, January leaves the circle and, bowing low, starts on his way. As long as he can be seen, Father Time and the other children wave their hands to him. Then February follows, and each month in turn disappears. When Father Time is left alone, he walks slowly back into his glittering white palace.*]

—Edna V. Riddleberger.

WHY GEORGE WASHINGTON DID NOT BECOME A SAILOR

Something to Find Out.—Why young Washington changed his mind about going to sea.

Time — SEPTEMBER, 1746

Place — HOME OF MRS. WASHINGTON ON A PLANTATION IN VIRGINIA.

Persons:

GEORGE WASHINGTON, AGED 14

MRS. WASHINGTON, HIS MOTHER

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, HIS OLDEST BROTHER, AGED 28

BETTY WASHINGTON, HIS LITTLE SISTER

[*Scene. A big square living-room with a large fireplace at one end. Two shining brass candlesticks are on the mantel-piece, and a spinning wheel stands in one corner of the room. A gun and a powder-horn hang on the wall. The windows are open, showing the river a short distance away sparkling in the sunshine. Mrs. Washington is busily knitting, and little Betty is playing with a corncob doll. Mrs. Washington seems much worried, and glances first at the tall grandfather's*

clock in the corner and then out of the window. The door opens, and Lawrence, in his riding clothes, comes into the room.]

LAWRENCE. [*Kisses his mother and little Betty, and then playfully taps the little girl with his riding whip. Stands before Mrs. Washington.*] Why did you not send for me sooner, Mother? I am afraid it is too late now to make George give up this foolish plan of going to sea. Old Jake says he has his box packed all ready to go.

MRS. WASHINGTON. [*Sighing.*] I wish I had sent for you sooner, son, but I did not know until the ship stopped at our wharf late last night that George's heart was so set upon going to sea. Then he told me that Captain Long would stop for him when he goes down the river. The ship is taking on a load of tobacco at Perry's Landing, and will be down the river this afternoon. So I sent old Jake over to your plantation early this morning.

LAWRENCE. Old Jake says that the ship brought you a letter from Uncle Joseph in England. What does he say about George's being a sailor?



MRS. WASHINGTON. [*Handing a letter to Lawrence.*] Here is the letter. You may read it.

LAWRENCE. [*Opens letter and reads silently, while Mrs. Washington wipes the tears from her eyes. Then he reads aloud.*] "Do not, on any account, let George go to sea, if you want to make a man of him. He should not be thrown with rough sailors at his age. Keep him on the plantation, and give him plenty of work to do. Teach him all you can. I shall try to send you some books for him on the next boat. You must take my

advice on this important matter." [*Folding up letter.*] Well, that is plain enough, Mother. Have you read this letter to George?

MRS. WASHINGTON. [*Sadly.*] Yes, I have. But he just laughed at his uncle's fears, and said he was old enough to look out for himself. George needs careful guiding and a man to look after him. Oh, if only your poor father were alive!

LAWRENCE. Now, do not worry, Mother. I'll talk to him and see what I can do. I think you are right. He does need a man to look after him. We will try to get him to give up this foolish plan, and then I will take him over to my plantation and keep him busy. At Mt. Vernon George will find plenty of things to do that will keep him happy. Where is he now?

MRS. WASHINGTON. He is over in the pasture saying good-bye to the horses and colts. He loves them all, even slow old Dobbin, and takes very good care of them. And he has been teaching little Betty to ride.

BETTY. Oh, Mother, please, please, don't let my George go away!



MOTHER. We will try to keep him with us, Betty. Now be a good girl and don't bother Mother. Run and tell Dinah to make corn dodgers for dinner and to put on an extra plate for brother Lawrence. [*Betty runs out. Mrs. Washington turns to Lawrence.*] You must stay here, dear, until after the boat goes by. I shall not feel happy until it is out of sight down the river. [*Looks out of window.*] Oh! here it comes now.

[*Just then George's voice is heard. He calls out, "Sambo! Sambo! Tell the Captain to put my chest on the boat. It is all roped and ready on the wharf." George then dashes into the room, and goes up to his mother.*]

GEORGE. Good-bye, Mother! Good-bye, Lawrence. Here comes the *Nelson* with all her sails set. Isn't she a beauty? Take good care of my little black colt, Mother. [*Just then Mrs. Washington bursts into tears. Lawrence watches George closely to see what he will do. The boy's eyes fill with tears, and then he goes up slowly and throws his arms about his mother.*] There now, Mother, don't cry so! Don't you really want me to go? I didn't know you cared so much.

MRS. WASHINGTON. [*Hugging him tight, and kissing his forehead.*] Oh! George. We all need you here. The black colt needs you. Little Betty needs you. Your brother Lawrence needs you, and I need you most of all.

GEORGE. [*Looking up at his mother with a smile.*] All right, Mother. That settles it. If you really feel so bad about it, I'll give it all up. [*Goes to the open window and calls out.*] Sambo! Tell Captain Long not to put my chest on board the ship. I'm not going to sea, after all.

LAWRENCE. [*Going up to George and grasping his hand.*] That's fine, my boy! You'll be a real man

yet, some day. I'm proud of you. I'll run down to the boat and speak to Captain Long myself. [*Goes out.*]

BETTY. [*Running into the room.*] Come, everybody. Dinner is ready. Dinah says the corn dodgers are just piping hot. [*Goes skipping up to George, takes him by the hand, and pulls him through the door. Mrs. Washington follows, smiling.*]

—A Tale from History.



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

—*Francis Scott Key.*

THE BOY WHO HATED TREES

Something to Find Out.—How Dick learned to love trees.

I. WHAT THE TREES SAID ABOUT DICK

"Good-night, Dick," called his father. "Remember, now, to wake up with the robins, so that you may be ready to help me set out our new trees."

"Good-night, Father," answered Dick in a voice that sounded rather cross. "Trees, trees, trees!" he mumbled to himself, as he began to undress. "I'm tired of hearing about trees. Miss Morrell has talked 'trees' for a week at school, and now Father has bought some old twigs to set out to-morrow, when I want to go fishing. I wish I lived in a land where there were no trees. We could get along well enough without them." And with this thought he jumped into bed.

Dick had been asleep perhaps an hour, when he heard a queer rustling noise, and then a voice called out, "Here he is—the boy who hates trees!"

He seemed to be in a great forest, and there was the strangest procession coming toward him. It was made up of trees of all kinds. The Pine and the Elm came first; the Maple and the Oak followed. The Maple's leaves were as red as fire, she was so excited. The Willow was weeping, and the Poplar was trembling all over. Next came all the fruit trees, led by the Cherry, while the Walnut, the White Birch, the Palm, and many others came following along.



What did it all mean? Dick was frightened for a moment. It seemed as if every tree of which he had ever heard was in this strange forest where he found himself.

When they had all grown quiet, the Pine said: "Dear brothers and sisters, here is the boy who hates trees; he cannot see that we are of any use. I have called a meeting to see what can be done about it. Has anyone anything to say?"

The Cherry Tree looked very sour. "I cannot see that boys are of any use at all," she said. "They

often break off my branches and carve their names in my bark. And I have been told that many years ago, when cherry trees were scarce in this country, a little boy cut down my great-grandfather just to try his new hatchet."

"Boys know so little," said the White Birch. "They are always hacking me with knives and taking off my coat, no matter how cold the weather is. They cut my bark all the way around my trunk, and then, of course, I die. If they would only learn how to take small strips of my bark!

"I loved a boy once, but it was many years ago. He was an Indian boy named Hiawatha. He loved trees. I remember how he stood beside me one warm day and said:

> 'Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
> Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
> For the summer-time is coming,
> And the sun is warm in heaven,
> And you need no white skin wrapper.'

"Then he took off some of my bark so carefully that he did not hurt me, and he made a beautiful canoe out of it. This boy Dick is not like my

young Indian friend. He tears off bark, and kills us, just from thoughtlessness."

"I don't like boys, either," spoke up the Apple Tree. "One day a boy climbed up into my branches and broke off one of them. He was a very silly boy, for he wanted green apples. If any of my fruit had been ripe, I would have tossed some down to him. How happy we should be if it were not for the boys!"

The Maple was very angry. "This boy Dick said we were of no use, but it was only this morning that I heard him tease his grandmother for a cake of my sugar."

"He ate the maple sugar as if he liked it," said the Palm. "I saw him; he was fanning himself with one of my leaves, too."

The Willow wiped her eyes. "Boys, boys, boys!" she said. "I'm so tired of boys! This same boy made a whistle out of one of my twigs this very night when he went for the cows."

Then a tall rubber tree in the corner spoke. "We are of no use, does he say? If it were not for me, where would he get the tires for his

bicycle? And where would he get his rubber boots? Why, he uses me every day for something."

"Friends," said the Pine Tree, who had not spoken before, "I've thought of a plan."

The trees crowded around him, as he told them about his plan, in a quiet voice. Dick could not hear what the plan was, but he heard one of the trees say, "But how shall we do it?"

"Oh," said the Elm, "the Wind will help us."

Before Dick could cry out, he found himself being carried away by the Wind.

"Where am I going?" he called to the trees.

"To the Land of No Trees," they answered, bowing and smiling.

Even the Willow held up her head long enough to call, "Good-bye! Good-bye!" In another moment, home and trees were left far behind.

II. HOW DICK LEARNED THAT HE NEEDED TREES

How fast the Wind traveled! On and on it carried Dick, until suddenly it dropped him and went whistling away. Dick felt really frightened when he found himself all alone.

"Oh, I'm so hot!" he cried. "Where am I?" But the Wind was gone, and there was no answer.

Certainly he had never before been in such a place. There were no trees or green grass anywhere in sight. As far as he could see, there was only sand—white, hot, scorching sand.

"It seems to me I've seen pictures of a place like this," he said to himself. "It must be a desert. Oh, I was never so hot before. I can't stay here. What shall I do?"

All at once he noticed a tiny speck far away in the distance. Soon it began to look larger. He brushed away something that was very much like a tear, though he told himself that it was only because he was so warm.

Yes, that speck surely moved, and was coming nearer. What if it were a lion?

"There is no tree to climb, and I cannot run," he said to himself, greatly frightened.

Nearer and nearer came the speck, moving slowly. Dick watched it with a beating heart. At last he saw that it was not a single animal, but a great many animals, walking along in a line.

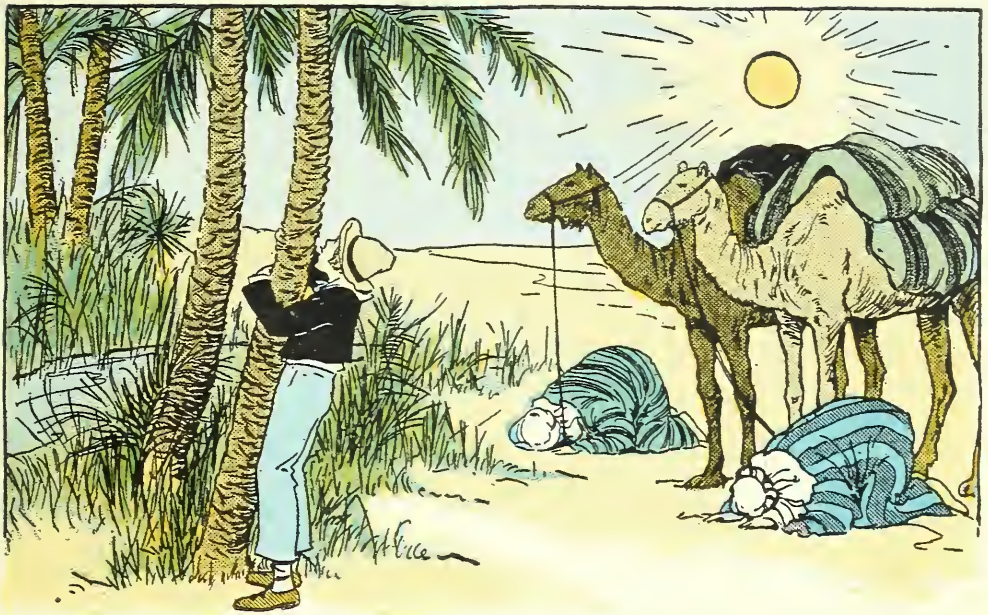
"Oh, they are camels!" he cried. "Yes, I know they are. Once at a circus I saw some that looked just like them—but what queer looking men are on them!"

The camels were now near him, and one of the men beckoned with his hand and said something. Dick could not understand a word, but from the friendly smile that the man gave him, Dick knew he was being invited to ride. The man helped him up, and they journeyed on and on and on. It seemed to the boy that they would never stop, and after a time he grew very tired.

"Do you think you could stop a minute, please?" he asked. "The camel joggles me so, and I am very thirsty. If you would only stop a minute!"

But the man shook his head to show that he did not understand, and they went on and on. Dick's head ached, and the glare on the sand made him sick and dizzy. How he longed for some cool shade!

Suddenly he saw that the men seemed very much excited. What was the matter? What were they saying? Each man was bowing himself toward the ground and waving his hands.



"What is it?" cried Dick. "I don't see what they are making all that fuss about. The sun hurts my eyes so that I can't see anything." And he covered his eyes with his hand.

A few moments later there was a shout, and the camels stood still. Dick lifted his head. Could he believe his eyes? Right before him was a little spot of green grass, a spring of cool water, and a clump of those things that he had said he hated—trees.

Hate trees? He thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life. He fairly

tumbled off the camel in his haste to reach one of them. The tears ran down his face as he threw his arms around its trunk.

"Dear tree!" he cried. "Dear, dear tree!"

Just then he heard a loud voice.

"Dick, Dick, are you going to help me plant the new trees?" called his father.

Opening his eyes, Dick found himself in his own little room, lying in bed with both hands clasping his pillow!

The boy was soon dressed and downstairs, so eager to plant trees that he could hardly eat his breakfast.

A week later Miss Morrell said to one of the other teachers: "I think the trees that we planted on Arbor Day will be sure to grow if good care has anything to do with it. Dick Hawkins seems to have taken charge of them all."

> In just one night he had learned to see
> The wonderful beauty there is in a tree.
>
> —*Alice L. Beckwith.*



VACATION SONG

When study and school are over,
  How jolly it is to be free,
Away in the fields of clover,
  The honey-sweet haunts of the bee!

Away in the woods to ramble,
  Where merrily all day long
The birds in the bush and bramble
  Are filling the summer with song.

Away in the dewy valley
  To follow the murmuring brook,
Or sit on its bank and dally
  Awhile with a line and a hook.

Away from the stir and bustle,
  The noise of the town left behind—
Vacation for sport and muscle,
  The winter for study and mind.

There's never a need to worry,
  There's never a lesson to learn,
There's never a bell to hurry,
  There's never a duty to spurn.

So play till the face grows ruddy
  And muscles grow bigger, and then
Go back to the books and study;
  We'll find it as pleasant again.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

HELPS TO STUDY



The Little Daughter of the Snow (Page 13)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Why were the old man and his wife unhappy? 2. How were they able to get a little girl of their own? 3. What was her name? 4. What did the little snow girl eat? 5. What did she do at night? 6. Tell how she got lost. 7. Who brought her home from the forest? 8. What did the fox ask the old people to give him? 9. Tell how they fooled the fox. 10. Why did the little Daughter of the Snow leave the old people? 11. Did she ever come back to them again?

Something to Talk About. 1. Have you ever made a snow man or a snow girl? 2. If you could make a snow image and have it become alive, what would you make? Why?

Jack Frost (Page 28)

Something to Talk About. 1. Read the poem two or three times so that you can see the pictures that Jack Frost painted on the window pane. 2. Tell the class about some of the pictures that you can see in your mind. 3. Read the stanza that you think makes the prettiest picture. 4. Choose a good reader to read the poem aloud to the class.

How the Woodpecker Saved Hiawatha (Page 30)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Who was Hiawatha? 2. With whom did he live? 3. When he grew up, what did his grandmother ask him to do? 4. Why did she want Hiawatha to punish Pearl Feather? 5. How did Hiawatha travel to the land of the great magician? 6. Tell of his fight with Pearl Feather. 7. What did the little woodpecker tell Hiawatha to do? 8. How did Hiawatha reward the woodpecker for his kindness?

Something to Talk About. 1. In what way did the woodpecker do a good deed to the Indian people? 2. How do you think old Nokomis felt when Hiawatha returned? 3. If you would like to read about Hiawatha's childhood, you will find the story in *Hiawatha*, a poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Why the Robin's Breast Is Red (Page 35)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Who guarded the fire in the Northland? 2. What animal did not like the fire? 3. Why? 4. What happened to the old man one day? 5. What did the little boy try hard to do? 6. At last what happened to the little boy? 7. What did the white bear do? 8. How was the fire saved? 9. What happened to the robin's breast?

Something to Talk About. 1. Why do not bears need a fire? 2. Name some other animals that live in very cold countries. 3. Do you know how the Indians made fires? (A Boy Scout can tell you.) 4. Tell why you think fire is a very useful thing.

What Robin Told (Page 39)

Something to Talk About. The robin redbreast in this poem is an English robin. His nest is quite different from the American robin's nest. Can you tell what the American robin uses to make his nest?

Pablo and the Princess (Page 40)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. What kind of husband did the King want to find for the Princess? 2. How many cart-loads of money did he ask for? 3. Who wanted to marry the Princess? 4. Tell how Pablo found the magic purse. 5. How did the King feel when Pablo said that he wanted to marry the Princess? 6. Why did not the Princess want to marry Pablo? 7. Tell how the Princess got Pablo's magic purse. 8. Why did Pablo leave the country? 9. What queer kinds of fruit did he find on his journey? 10. Tell how he used the fruit to get his magic purse again. 11. Who married the beautiful Princess? 12. Did the King keep his promises to Pablo?

Something to Talk About. 1. Do you think the Filipinos in the pictures look like Americans? 2. What differences do you notice?

The Discontented Chickens (Page 49)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. What kind of home did the hens have? 2. Why were they unhappy? 3. Where did they decide to go? 4. How did they like their home in the woods? 5. Tell what happened to Brown Hen one night. 6. What did the hens then decide to do? 7. Why were they at last willing for the farmer to have their eggs?

Something to Talk About. 1. Did you ever read the story of "The Discontented Pine Tree"? 2. If so, tell it to the class. 3. What does it mean to be "discontented"?

The Cock and the Fox (Page 54)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. What did Chanticleer dream one night? 2. What did Dame Partlet say to him? 3. Who heard Chanticleer when he crowed at daybreak? 4. What did the fox think he would like to have? 5. Where did

he hide? 6. When Chanticleer came near him, what did the fox ask him to do? 7. How did Chanticleer feel when the cock praised him? 8. What happened when Chanticleer crowed? 9. Tell how Chanticleer saved himself.

Something to Talk About. The story says that Reynard and Chanticleer both did a good deal of thinking that day. What do you think each thought about?

The Gourd and the Pine Tree (Page 59)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Where did the pine tree stand? 2. What kind of seed fell at its foot one autumn day? 3. What did the seed do all winter? 4. What did it do in the spring? 5. What did the little gourd vine want to show the pine tree? 6. How did it feel when it reached the top of the tree? 7. What did the wind do to the gourd vine? 8. Why was the wind not able to do any harm to the pine tree?

Something to Talk About. 1. This kind of short story that teaches a useful lesson is called a "fable." This fable is many hundreds of years old. What useful lesson does it teach? 2. You will enjoy reading other stories in *Fables* by Æsop.

Review Questions on Part I

1. Which of the "old tales" in this part of your book did you enjoy most? 2. Turn back to the picture facing page 10. The artist has drawn little sketches of several scenes in Part I. Can you name the stories in which these scenes are found?



PART II
STORIES OF GIRLS AND BOYS



KITTY'S CATTLE SHOW (Page 65)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Where did Kitty live? 2. Where was she anxious to go? 3. Who was Sam? 4. What did Kitty ask Sam to do? 5. Tell how Kitty got puss ready for the Cattle Show. 6. How did Sam and Kitty go to the show? 7. Where did they put puss? 8. How much did the kind lady pay for puss? 9. What did Kitty buy with the money? 10. What kind of time did Kitty have at the show?

Something to Talk About. 1. Who do you think had the happier day, Kitty or old Sam? Give a reason for your answer. 2. If you have ever been to a cattle show or a fair, tell about some of the things you saw.

MATILDA JANE (Page 74)

Something to Talk About. 1. There is another poem about a little girl and her doll called "The Lost Doll," by Charles Kingsley, in *The Elson Readers, Book Two.* Let someone read it to the class and then see which poem the class likes the better. 2. You will also enjoy reading "Poor Mary Jane," by Anne Gage, in *Child-Library Readers, Book Two.*

HANS AND THE WONDERFUL FLOWER (Page 75)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Who was Hans? 2. How did he help his mother? 3. What happened to his mother? 4. Who came to take care of her? 5. What did the old woman say would cure Hans's mother? 6. What did Hans promise to do? 7. What did Hans first find on the mountain? 8. Why did he not stop to pluck the flower? 9. What did he do then?

10. Tell how he found the brown herb. 11. Whom did he meet when he went to find the beautiful flower? 12. What did the elf give Hans? 13. What did Hans do with the jewels and the brown herb?

Something to Talk About. 1. Why would this be a good story to read to your mother on Mother's Day? 2. What can you do to show your love for your mother?

The Land of "I Forgot" (Page 81)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Name some of the things Louise always forgot to do. 2. Where did the old man take Louise? 3. Tell of three things that she saw in the land of "I Forgot." 4. What was the name of the kind old man? 5. Did Louise want to return to the land of "I Forgot"?

Something to Talk About. 1. What is the hardest thing you have to remember to do? 2. Would you like to visit the land of "I Forgot"?

Dandelion (Page 87)

Something to Talk About. 1. This poem was written by a little girl who was only eight years old. Tell why you think she was an unusual girl. 2. What does the young poet pretend that the Dandelion is?

Benjy in Beastland (Page 88)

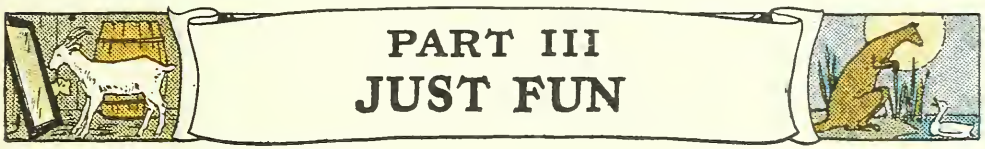
Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Tell what kind of boy Benjy was. 2. Who was Nox? 3. Who was Mister Rough? 4. What did Benjy and Tom, the coachman's son, do to the neighbor's dog? 5. How did Benjy feel when he went to bed that night? 6. Why did he get up and go down to the river? 7. Tell how he got into Beastland. 8. Tell of some of the animals he saw in Beastland. 9. What little bird got Benjy into trouble? 10. What did the animals do to Benjy? 11. Where

did Benjy fall when he was driven from Beastland? 12. Who saved his life? 13. How did Benjy's visit to Beastland make him feel toward animals?

Something to Talk About. 1. Do you know any boy who is unkind to animals? 2. What do you think of him? 3. If you have read any other story of an animal that saved a child from danger, tell it to the class.

The Lamplighter (Page 102)

Something to Talk About. 1. In Scotland the man who lights the street lamps is often called "Leerie." 2. The little boy in the poem thought that he would like to light the lamps when he grew up. What do you want to do when you grow up? 3. Bring to class and read other poems by Robert Louis Stevenson.



PART III
JUST FUN

The Boy Who Whacked the Witch's Toadstools (Page 107)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Why did the little boy whack the toadstools? 2. How did this make the old witch feel? 3. What did she do to the little boy? 4. What did the witch-salve turn him into first? 5. What other animals was he changed into? 6. How did his mother change him into a little boy again?

Something to Talk About. 1. This story was written just to make boys and girls laugh. Can you tell the class some other funny story? 2. You will enjoy reading "A Halloween Story," in *Tell It Again Stories*, by Edith Dillingham, and "The Laughing Jack-o-Lantern," by Anne Gage, in *Child-Library Readers, Book Two.*

The Animals and the Mirror (Page 113)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Where did the farmer's boy place the mirror? 2. Name four animals who saw themselves in the mirror. 3. What did each think of himself? 4. What two animals enjoyed watching them? 5. What did the goat do? 6. Why was the horse sorry that the goat had broken the glass?

Something to Talk About. Which of the animals do you think spoke most kindly to the likeness in the mirror?

The Duck and the Kangaroo (Page 122)

Something to Talk About. Another poem by Edward Lear, called "The Jumblies," is in *The Elson Readers, Book Three.* Let someone read it aloud to the class to see which poem is liked the better.

The Pumpkin and the Acorn (Page 124)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Where was the boy lying? 2. Where did he say acorns ought to grow? 3. Where did he say pumpkins ought to grow? 4. What made him change his mind?

The Foolish King (Page 125)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. What foolish laws did the King make? 2. What did the frog do one day? 3. Why did he say he laughed aloud? 4. Why did the snail say he carried his house on his back? 5. Why did the firefly say he carried a light with him? 6. Why did the mosquito say he always bit people? 7. How did the King show that he was very foolish?

The Talkative Turtle (Page 128)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. What did the turtle like to do? 2. Why did he not want to stay alone in the pond? 3. What did he ask the two ducks to do? 4. What did the ducks make him promise? 5. How did they carry the turtle? 6. Why did the turtle not finish his journey? 7. What did one of the villagers say?

Something to Talk About. What useful lesson does this fable teach?

Mr. Rabbit's Big Dinner (Page 131)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. What friends did Mr. Rabbit invite to his dinner? 2. Why was Mr. Possum so hungry that he could not wait for dinner to be ready? 3. Who came to the house without being invited? 4. Tell how Mr. Coon, Mr. Possum, and Mr. Rabbit felt when they heard Mr. Dog outside. 5. Which of the guests were not afraid of Mr. Dog? 6. What happened to Mr. Dog when he tried to get into the house? 7. Tell how Mr. Dog at last got free.

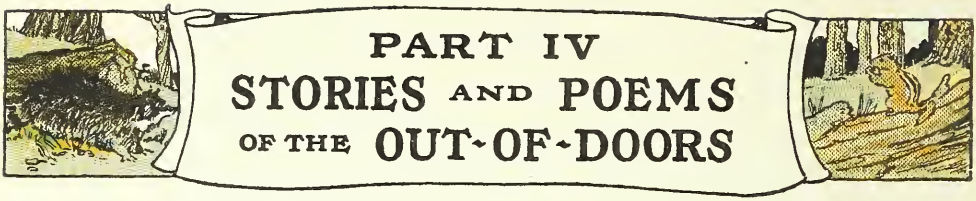
Something to Talk About. 1. Who got the worst of it in this story? 2. If you enjoy this story you can read others like it in *The Hollow Tree Stories* by Albert Bigelow Paine.

Wishes (Page 140)

Something to Talk About. If you could have just one wish come true, what would you wish for?

Review Questions on Part III

1. Which poem or story in this part of your book did you think the funniest? 2. Do you know any other funny story about animals that you can tell to the class? 3. Why does the picture facing page 107 fit this part of your book?



My Neighbors, the Coons (Page 143)*

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Where did Mr. Baynes find the coons? 2. How many little coons were there in the hollow tree? 3. Where did he take them? 4. How did they keep themselves clean? 5. What funny thing happened to one little coon? 6. How did the coons take their milk? 7. What did Mr. Baynes finally do with them?

Something to Talk About. 1. This is a true story, written by a man who loved birds and animals all his life. Do you think Mr. Baynes treated his guests kindly? 2. Give the reason for your answer.

Johnny Bear and Other Winter Sleepers (Page 149)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Where is Johnny Bear born? 2. What does his mother eat? 3. Why does she eat so much in the summer? 4. Tell how she feels when autumn comes. 5. Where does she usually make her winter sleeping room? 6. What does she do all winter? 7. When do the little bears come out of the den? 8. What is the first lesson they are taught? 9. Name two other winter sleepers.

Something to Talk About. 1. Can you name any other animals that sleep all winter? 2. What is the reason for this winter sleep of animals?

*Note to Teacher: Part IV contains a number of factual selections; pupils should be allowed more time for reading these than for stories of a fanciful nature.

The Shadow (Page 154)

Something to Talk About. 1. Some bright sunny day drive a stick into the ground, and look at its shadow early in the morning, again at noon, and again when the sun is getting low in the west. Tell the class what you noticed about the shadow. 2. Can you recite the poem by Robert Louis Stevenson called "My Shadow"? (It is in *The Elson Readers, Book Two.*)

Sirrah, the Shepherd Dog (Page 155)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Who was James Hogg? 2. Tell how he got Sirrah. 3. How many lambs were the two shepherds watching? 4. What happened one night? 5. Tell what Sirrah did.

Something to Talk About. 1. What kind of master was James Hogg? 2. If you have a dog, tell how you care for him.

The Chickadee (Page 158)

Something to Talk About. 1. What birds have you seen this winter? 2. Why should you feed the birds in winter?

How the Bluebirds Began Housekeeping (Page 159)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Where was the bluebird house? 2. Who made it? 3. Who brought the materials for the first nest? 4. What did the mother bird do when she returned? 5. What did the birds do then?

Something to Talk About. 1. Did you ever try to make a bird house? 2. If you know a good bird story tell it to the class.

Little Brown Brother (Page 164)

Something to Talk About. 1. Where were the seeds that the poet calls "little brown brothers"? 2. What did the poppy seed say to the sunflower seed? 3. What did the poppy seed promise to do for the sunflower seed?

The Woolly-bear Caterpillar (Page 165)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. What colors are the coat of the Woolly-bear? 2. What does it eat? 3. Tell what you can of its cocoon. 4. What comes out of the cocoon?

Something to Talk About. 1. If you can find some cocoons bring them to school and keep them until spring. Something very surprising may happen. 2. In *Stories of Humble Friends*, by Katharine Pyle, you will enjoy reading "The Story of a Caterpillar."

The Candy Man's Story of Sugar (Page 167)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Why did the children go to the candy shop? 2. Who told them the Story of Sugar? 3. Where does sugar cane grow? 4. What does it look like? 5. What is in the stalk? 6. How is the sweet juice taken from the stalks? 7. How is the juice made into sugar? 8. Who makes the sugar into candy? 9. Try to tell the story of a box of candy backward, as Billy did for his mother.

Something to Talk About. 1. Tell some of the ways in which sugar is used. 2. Have you ever read "The Sugar Plum Tree" in *Poems of Eugene Field?* See if you can find it and read it aloud to the class.



The Sun's Sisters (Page 179)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. What were Lars and the Prince doing in the palace grounds? 2. Where did they aim their arrows? 3. What did one arrow have clinging to it when it fell? 4. Whose arrow was it? 5. What did the Prince say about the arrow? 6. What did the King tell Lars to do? 7.

Who took Lars to the palace of the sun? 8. What did Princess Sunrise ask him to do before she would give him the golden hen? 9. Where was Princess Sunset? 10. How did Lars get to the black palace of the trolls? 11. What did the trolls love to do? 12. Tell how the fox saved Princess Sunset. 13. When Lars returned to the King with the golden hen, what did the King ask him to do? 14. Why would Lars not stay at the King's palace? 15. Where did he live ever afterwards?

Something to Talk About. 1. Do you like the King in this story? Give the reason for your answer. 2. What other story in this book tells about a fox that helped a child?

The Moon's Tears (Page 187)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. What did the kind shepherd find one day? 2. What did his wife do with the two children? 3. What were their names? 4. What did the fire sprite give them one night? 5. What did he say the magic beads were? 6. What could the magic beads do? 7. Into what animals did the children first change themselves? 8. How did they like being cats? 9. Into what did they next change themselves? 10. Where did they fly? 11. What did they do at the King's palace? 12. Did the King like their dancing? 13. What did the King ask Bud to do? 14. Why would not Bud sell his sister? 15. How did the children escape when they were being taken to prison? 16. Where did they then go? 17. Why did they like the shepherd's home better than the palace? 18. What did Sis do with the magic beads?

Something to Talk About. Name one thing that money cannot buy.

Lady Moon (Page 204)

Something to Talk About. 1. Read this poem silently, and then read it aloud. See if you can make your classmates feel how beautiful it is. 2. What does the little girl wonder about the moon?

Hansel and Gretel (Page 206)

This story should be read orally, different children taking the parts of Father, Mother, Hansel, Gretel, the Witch, and other characters.

The White Pebble (Page 220)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Why did not the little elf buy the Princess a gift? 2. How did he try to get money? 3. When he could not earn any money, what did he decide to do? 4. What did he find out of doors? 5. What did he think he would do with the pebble? 6. Name some of the other gifts the Princess received. 7. What did she think of the white pebble? 8. How did this make the brown elf feel?

Something to Talk About. 1. If you know any other story about an elf, tell it to the class. 2. You will enjoy reading *Brownies*, by Juliana Horatio Ewing.

The Singing Maid (Page 228)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Who was Romaine? 2. Who was Altheda? 3. Tell how Romaine came to live at the palace. 4. Why did Altheda not like Romaine? 5. What did the fairy do for Romaine on her birthday? 6. Why was Romaine unhappy when she was changed into a princess like Altheda? 7. What did the fairy then do for Romaine? 8. Did the two girls ever become friends?

The Visit (Page 237)

Something to Talk About. 1. If you could visit fairyland tell what you think you might find there. 2. You will enjoy other poems about fairies in *Fairies and Chimneys*, by Rose Fyleman.

Review Questions for Part V

1. Which of the fairy tales in this part of your book did you like best? 2. What other fairy stories have you read—in your readers or any other books? 3. Can you tell one of these to the class? 4. In the picture facing page 176 the artist has drawn scenes from seven different stories in Part V. Tell what these stories are.



A True Thanksgiving Story (Page 241)*

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Why did the Pilgrims leave England? 2. Where did they go first? 3. Where did they finally decide to make their homes? 4. How did they reach America? 5. How long was their voyage? 6. What kind of houses did the men build for their families? 7. Was there plenty of food the first winter? 8. How did the Indians treat the Pilgrims at first? 9. What did the Pilgrims do in the spring? 10. Tell what kind of crops they had. 11. In the fall what did the Governor tell them to celebrate? 12. Whom did they invite to the feast? 13. How long did the first Thanksgiving last? 14. Who tells us nowadays to celebrate Thanksgiving Day?

Something to Talk About. Would you like to have lived when the Pilgrims did? Give the reason for your answer.

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*Note to Teacher: In Part VI, the Thanksgiving Story contains many facts of importance; pupils should be allowed to read it slowly. "What the New Year Brings" and "Why Washington Did Not Become a Sailor" are well adapted to dramatization by the children.

Boniface and Keep-it-all (Page 249)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Why was Boniface so selfish? 2. What did his mother want him to do with some of his Christmas gifts? 3. Why did Boniface refuse to give away any of his gifts? 4. What did his old nurse tell him about the wishes he made? 5. Tell how the magic spell changed his name. 6. Tell where the magic spell took him and what poor people he saw. 7. After the magic spell left him what did he do with his gifts? 8. Tell what kind of king he became.

Why George Washington Did Not Become a Sailor (Page 278)

Something to Talk About. Do you know any other interesting stories about George Washington? If so, tell them to the class.

The Star-Spangled Banner (Page 285)

After you have talked with your teacher about the meaning of the hard words, see how quickly you can memorize this verse. There will be many times in your life when you will sing it.

The Boy Who Hated Trees (Page 285)

Questions to Test Your Reading. 1. Why did Dick hate trees? 2. Tell what some of the trees said about Dick in his dream. 3. Where did the wind take Dick? 4. Tell how he felt out in the desert. 5. When he awoke from his dream how did he feel about trees?

Something to Talk About. 1. How would you like to live in a land where there were no trees? 2. Which tree do you like best of all? 3. Tell of some ways in which trees are useful to you.

A CHILD'S LIBRARY

Children all over the country are reading more books and better books than they have ever done before. Now is a good time for you to start a library shelf at home, putting on it good books that you have read, or that you are going to read soon. Watch your shelf grow. Below is given a list of books well worth reading. Your teacher will tell you of others.

In some schools the children tell the teacher about every new book they read outside of school. Then the teacher puts a gold star opposite their names—one gold star for each book. See how many gold stars you can have opposite your name at the end of the year. Perhaps your school will buy some of these books for your room library.

SOME GOOD BOOKS YOU WILL ENJOY

FAIRY TALES AND FABLES

East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon	*Mrs. Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen*
The Birch and the Star	*Mrs. Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen*
The Blue Fairy Book	*Andrew Lang*
The Adventures of a Brownie	*Miss Mulock*
Peter and Wendy	*James M. Barrie*
The Little Match Man	*Luigi Barzini*
The Rainbow Cat	*Rose Fyleman*
The Book of Elves and Fairies	*Frances J. Olcott*
Æsop's Fables	Edited by *Joseph Jacobs*
Pepper and Salt	*Howard Pyle*
The Pig Brother and Other Fables and Stories	*Laura E. Richards*

ANIMAL TALES

Dr. Dolittle	*Hugh Lofting*
Hollow Tree Stories	*Albert Bigelow Paine*
The Adventures of Peter Cottontail	*Thornton W. Burgess*
Merry Animal Tales	*Madge Bigham*
Puppy Dog Tales	*Frances Kent*
Dixie Kitten	*Eva March Tappan*

ABOUT BOYS AND GIRLS

When Molly Was Six	*Elizabeth Orne White*
Wee Ann	*E. C. Phillips*
About Harriet	*Clara Whitehill Hunt*
Play Days	*Sarah Orne Jewett*
The Lonesomest Doll	*Abbie Farwell Brown*
Told by the Sandman	*Abbie Phillips Walker*
The Memoirs of a London Doll	*Mrs. Fairstar*
Donkey John of the Toy Valley	*Margaret Morley*
The Story of Live Dolls	*Mrs. J. S. P. Gates*
Raggedy Ann Stories	*Johnny Gruelle*
Moni, the Goat Boy	*Johanna Spyri*
The Joyous Story of Toto	*Laura E. Richards*

OUT-OF-DOOR STORIES

Stories of Humble Friends	*Katharine Pyle*
Short Stories of Our Shy Neighbors	*M. A. B. Kelly*
The First Book of Birds	*Olive Thorne Miller*

CHILDREN IN MANY LANDS

The Snow Baby	*Josephine Peary*
Little People of the Snow	*Mary Muller*
The Japanese Twins	*Lucy Fitch Perkins*
The Dutch Twins	*Lucy Fitch Perkins*
Docas, the Indian Boy	*Genevra Snedden*
Mary of Plymouth	*James Otis*
Stories of Pilgrims	*Margaret Pumphrey*
Around the World with the Children	*Frank Carpenter*

STORIES FOR FUN

Short Stories for Short People	*Alicia Aspinwall*
Can You Believe Me Stories	*Alicia Aspinwall*

POEMS

Nonsense Book	*Edward Lear*
Fairies and Chimneys	*Rose Fyleman*
In Fairy Green	*Rose Fyleman*
The Posy Ring	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*
A Child's Garden of Verses	*Robert Louis Stevenson*
Careless Jane	*Katharine Pyle*
Poems by a Little Girl	*Hilda Conkling*

WORD LIST

The following list includes words that offer difficulty of either meaning or pronunciation. More than one meaning is given when the word is used in different senses. Only the simpler sounds of vowels are indicated by marks; other sounds are indicated by respelling or by referring to a familiar word. For example, *a* in *armor* is like *a* in *arm*.

ā as in *a*te	ē̇ as in be*c*ause	ō as in c*o*ld	ū as in *u*se
ă as in c*a*t	ē as in m*o*ther	ŏ as in n*o*t	ŭ as in c*u*t
ē as in *e*ve	ī as in k*i*nd	o͞o as in f*oo*d	ou as in *ou*t
ĕ as in m*e*t	ĭ as in p*i*n	o͝o as in f*oo*t	

A

ac-count' (ă-kount'), see **on any account**

ad-mire' (ăd-mīr'), be pleased with

a-greed' (a-grēd', *a* as in *ask*), were willing

Al-the'da (ăl-thē'da, *a* as in *ask*)

am'ber (ăm'bēr), yellow

ap-peared' (ă-pērd'), came in sight

ap'pe-tite (ăp'ē̇-tīt), longing for food

Ar'mi-stice Day (ar'mĭ-stĭs dā, *a* as in *arm*), Nov. 11, 1918, the day when peace was made after the World War

ar'mor (ar'mēr, *a* as in *arm*), a metal covering worn to protect the body in battle

a-roused' (a-rouzd', *a* as in *ask*), awoke

B

bal'ance (băl'ăns), make the weight the same at each end

be-loved' (bē̇-lŭvd'), loved

bid'den (bĭd''n), told

bid'ding (bĭd'ĭng), command

bleat (blēt), the cry of a lamb or sheep

blus'ter-ing (blŭs'tēr-ĭng), noisy, windy

bore (bōr), tiresome thing

bound'ed (bound'ĕd), jumped

bril'liant (brĭl'yănt), very bright

brisk'ly (brĭsk'lĭ), quickly

brute (bro͞ot), very cruel boy

busi'ness (bĭz'nĕs). work, duty

C

ca-ress' (ka-rĕs', *a* as in *ask*), touch softly

Cat'tle Show (kăt''l shō), a kind of fair

cel'e-bra'tion (sĕl'ē̇-brā'shŭn), a very fine party

cer'tain-ly (sur'tĭn-lĭ, *u* as in *turn*), surely

Chan'ti-cleer (chăn'tĭ-klēr), a name often given to a rooster

charm'ing (charm'ĭng, *a* as in *arm*), lovely

chip'munk (chĭp'mŭnk), a kind of squirrel with stripes down its back

chores (chōrz), small everyday jobs
clev'er (klĕv'ĕr), smart, skillful
cliffs (klĭfs), steep, rocky hills
cling'ing (klĭng'ĭng), hanging on
co-coon' (ko-kōōn'), a covering made by a caterpillar to sleep in until it changes to a butterfly or a moth
coins (koinz), pieces of money
col'lie (kŏl'ĭ), a Scottish shepherd dog
com'fort-ed (kŭm'fĕrt-ĕd), cheered
com-pan'ion (kŏm-păn'yŭn), a friend
com-plete'ly (kŏm-plēt'lĭ), all
con'ver-sa'tion (kŏn'vur-sā'shŭn, *u* as in *turn*), talk
corn'dodg'ers (korn'dŏj'ĕrz, *o* as in *or*), hard bread made of corn meal
cov'er-let (kŭv'ĕr-lĕt), blanket, cover
craw'fish' (kra'fĭsh', *a* as in *all*), a small fish with a hard shell, like a tiny lobster
crim'son (krĭm'z'n), a deep red color
crisp (krĭsp), cold
crys'tals (krĭs'tălz), sparkling bits of snow
curt'sy (kurt'sĭ, *u* as in *turn*), a kind of bow made by bending the knees

D

dale (dāl), a low place between hills
dal'ly (dăl'ĭ), stay for a while
dan'gling (dăng'glĭng), hanging
dawn (dan, *a* as in *all*), beginning of day
de-cides' (dĕ-sīdz'), makes up his mind
de-clare' (dĕ-klar', *a* as in *care*), say plainly
de-lic'ious (dĕ-lĭsh'ŭs). very, very pleasant
de-light'ed (dĕ-līt'ĕd), greatly pleased
des'ert (dĕz'ĕrt), a dry, hot, sandy place where no one lives
de-sire' (dĕ-zīr'), wish
des-sert' (dĕ-zĕrt'), fruits or sweetmeats at the close of a meal
di'et (dī'ĕt), food
dine (dīn), to take dinner
dis'ap-pears' (dĭs'ă-pērz'), goes out of sight
dis'con-tent'ed (dĭs'kŏn-tĕn'tĕd), unhappy
dis-grace'ful (dĭs-grās'fo͝ol), dreadful, shameful
dis-liked' (dĭs-līkt'), did not like
down'y (doun'ĭ), soft
drow'si-ness (drou'zĭ-nĕs), sleepiness
Duke (dūk), a nobleman
dull (dŭl), tiresome, lonesome
du'ty (dū'tĭ), something that one should do

E

ea'ger (ē'gĕr), excited, earnest
ear'nest-ly (ur'nĕst-lĭ, *u* as in *turn*), eagerly, anxiously
em'er-alds (ĕm'ĕr-ăldz), green stones of great value
end'less (ĕnd'lĕs), very, very long
Eng'land (ĭng'glănd)
ex-cit'ed (ĕk-sīt'ĕd), angry
ex-cite'ment (ĕk-sīt'mĕnt), great surprise
ex-plained' (ĕks-plānd'), said

F

faint (fānt), to fall down and lie still
fierce (fērs), rough
fixed upon (fĭkst), looking anxiously at
flashed (flăsht), shone brightly
floss (flŏs), silky thread
for-bade' (fŏr-băd'), would not let
formed (formd, *o* as in *or*), made
for'tune (for'tūn, *o* as in *or*), a large sum of money
frisk'ing (frĭsk'ĭng), playing

G

gauz'y (gaz'ĭ, *a* as in *all*), thin
gave proof (prōōf), showed
gay'e-ty (gā'ĕ-tĭ), fun
Gitch'e Gum'ee (gĭ'chē gōō'mē), the Indian name for Lake Superior; it means Big-Sea-Water
glare (glar, *a* as in *care*), light
gleam'ing (glēm'ĭng), rays of light
gloom'y (glōōm'ĭ), sad
glow (glō), brightness, color
grand'fa'ther's clock (grănd'fa'thērz klŏk, *a* as in *arm*), a clock in a tall wooden case
grasp'ing (grasp'ĭng, *a* as in *ask*), taking hold of
grate'ful (grāt'fōōl), thankful
graz'ing (grāz'ĭng), eating grass
grim (grĭm), fierce looking
guard'ed (gard'ĕd, *a* as in *arm*), watched over
guest (gĕst), one who is invited
guin'ea (gĭn'ĭ), a piece of money worth about five dollars

H

hack'ing (hăk'ĭng), cutting very roughly
hailed (hāld), saluted
har'ness (har'nĕs, *a* as in *arm*), pieces of leather which hold a horse to a wagon or sleigh
har'vest-ed (har'vĕst-ĕd, *a* as in *arm*), gathered into storehouses
haunts (hants, *a* as in *arm*), places often visited
hedge (hĕj), fence
hel'met (hĕl'mĕt), metal hat worn to protect the head in battle
help'less (hĕlp'lĕs), weak
herb (urb, *u* as in *turn*), a small plant
Hi'a-wa'tha (hī'a-wo'tha, *a* as in *ask*, *o* as in *or*)
hi'ber-na'tors (hī'bĕr-nā'tĕrz), animals that sleep all winter
hol'low (hŏl'ō), having a hole inside
hor'ri-fied (hŏr'ĭ-fīd), very much frightened
hov'ered over (hŭv'ĕrd), stayed just above
hu'mor (hū'mĕr); **in a very bad humor,** cross
hut (hŭt), a small house

I

ill'-tem'pered (ĭl'-tĕm'pĕrd), cross
in'sects (ĭn'sĕkts), small bugs
in'vi-ta'tion (ĭn'vĭ-tā'shŭn), asking someone to a party

J

jour'ney (jur'nĭ, *u* as in *turn*), a trip
jour'neyed (jur'nĭd, *u* as in *turn*), traveled

K

kin (kĭn), all the other white bears

king'dom (kĭng'dŭm), a country that is ruled by a king
knights (nīts), men of long ago who promised to help any who were in trouble

L

lashed (lăsht), swung quickly
laws (loz, *o* as in *or*), rules
lean (lēn), thin
leaped (lēpt), jumped
like'ness (līk'nĕs), looks

M

ma-gi'cian (ma-jĭsh'ăn, *a* as in *ask*), one who does wonderful tricks
man'aged (măn'ājd), were able to
mane (mān), the long and heavy hair which grows on the neck of certain animals, such as the horse, lion, etc,
mark'ings (mark'ĭngz, *a* as in *arm*), lines, marks
Mas'sa-chu'setts (măs'a-chōō' sĕts, *a* as in *ask*)
May'-pole' (mā'-pōl'), a tall pole with flowers and gay ribbons on it which is used to dance around on May-Day
Me-mo'ri-al Day (mĕ-mō'rĭ-ăl dā), the day on which we remember dead soldiers and sailors by putting flowers on their graves. In the South a day in April is usually selected
mes'sen-gers (mĕs'ĕn-jĕrz), those who carry messages
might and main (mīt ănd mān), strength
might'y (mīt'ĭ), very strong
mon'ster (mŏn'stĕr), very wicked person
mor'ti-fy'ing (mor'tĭ-fī'ĭng, *o* as in *or*), making a person feel ashamed
moth'er-kin (mŭth'ĕr-kĭn), little mother
moth'er-less (mŭth'ĕr-lĕs), having no mother
mo'tor car (mō'tĕr kar, *a* as in *arm*), automobile

N

neigh'bor (nā'bĕr), a person who lives near another
No-ko'mis (nō-kō'mĭs)

O

o'dor (ō'dĕr), smell
o'er (ōr), over
on an'y ac-count' (ĕn'ĭ ă-kount'), for any reason
or'phan (or'făn, *o* as in *or*), a child whose father and mother are dead
oth'er-wise' (ŭth'ĕr-wīz'), if they did not do this
o'ver-joyed' (ō'vĕr-joid'), very, very happy

P

paid no at-ten'tion (pād nō ă-tĕn'shŭn), did not look
palm (pam, *a* as in *arm*), a tree which grows in hot countries
pa'tient-ly (pā'shĕnt-lĭ), quietly and willingly
pa'tri-ot'ic (pā'trĭ-ŏt'ĭk), loving one's country
pea'cock' (pē'kŏk'), a bird which has a very beautiful large tail of many bright colors

peas'ant (pĕz''nt), poor farmer
pen'ciled (pĕn'sĭld), drew
per'fume (pur'fūm, *u* as in *turn*), smell
per'il-ous (pĕr'ĭ-lŭs), dangerous
pierce (pērs), make a hole through
Pi-erre' (pĭ-ĕr')
Pil'grims (pĭl'grĭmz), some of the first settlers of America
plan-ta'tion (plăn-tā'shŭn), a large farm in the South
pol'ish-ing (pŏl'ĭsh-ĭng), shining
post'ing (pōst'ĭng), walking fast
poul'try yard (pōl'trĭ), the place where chickens, ducks, and geese are kept
pre'cious (prĕsh'ŭs), of very great value; **precious stones,** jewels
pried (prīd), pushed
prowl'ing (proul'ĭng), sneaking

R

ram'parts (răm'parts, *a* as in *arm*), walls built to protect a place
rap'id-ly (răp'ĭd-lĭ), fast
rav'en (rā'v'n), a large, black bird like the crow
ra-vine' (ra-vēn', *a* as in *ask*), a deep, hollow place
re-fused' (rē-fūzd'), would not do so
re-gains' (rē-gānz'), gets back
reins (rānz), the straps by which a rider guides his horse
re-quest'ed (rē-kwĕst'ĕd), asked
res'cue (rĕs'kū), save
re-ward' (rē-word', *o* as in *or*), sum of money or other gift
Rey'nard (rā'nērd), a name often given to a fox
rib-grass (rĭb-gras, *a* as in *ask*), a small weed
rick'et-y (rĭk'ĕt-ĭ), almost falling to pieces
rim (rĭm), the circle around the eye
ri'val (rī'v'l), try to be better than
roams (rōmz), wanders
Ro-maine' (rō-mān')
rov'ing (rōv'ĭng), wandering
roy'al (roi'ăl), belonging to a king
ru'bies (rōō'bĭz), red stones
rud'dy (rŭd'ĭ), red
Rus'sia (rŭsh'a, *a* as in *ask*), a country in eastern Europe

S

sa-lut'ing (sa-lūt'ĭng, *a* as in *ask*), touching the forehead with the right hand
sat'is-fied (săt'ĭs-fīd), pleased
Scotch ter'ri-er (skŏch tĕr'ĭ-ēr), a small dog
scram'bled (skrăm'bl'd), climbed
search'ing (surch'ĭng, *u* as in *turn*), trying to find
sec'ond (sĕk'ŭnd), little bit of time
seized (sēzd), caught
ser'pents (sur'pĕnts, *u* as in *turn*), large snakes
sham'bling (shăm'blĭng), walking in a clumsy way
sheep'fold' (shēp'fōld'), a place where sheep are kept
shield (shēld), a frame of metal or wood, carried on the arm in battle to keep off blows
show'ered them with (shou'ĕrd), gave them many
sim'ple (sĭm'p'l), easy
smoth'ered (smŭth'ĕrd), put out

som'er-sault (sŭm'ĕr-solt, *o* as in *or*), turning heels over head
sound, strong
sprite (sprīt), elf
spurn (spurn, *u* as in *turn*), hate to do
stand'ing guard (stănd'ĭng gard, *a* as in *arm*), watching over
stark (stark, *a* as in *arm*), strong; fierce
stern'ly (sturn'lĭ, *u* as in *turn*), severely; unkindly
store (stōr), **in store,** in keeping
striv'ing (strīv'ĭng), working
strut'ted (strŭt'ĕd), walked in a proud way
sum(sŭm),**what sum of,** how much
swift (swĭft), fast

T

talk'a-tive (tok'a-tĭv, *o* as in *or*, *a* as in *ask*), talking all the time
task (task, *a* as in *ask*), work
ter'ri-er (tĕr'ĭ-ēr), a little dog that hunts such animals as rats
ter'ri-fied (tĕr'ĭ-fīd), very much frightened
thought'less-ness (thot'lĕs-nĕs, *o* as in *or*), not thinking
thrice (thrīs), three times
thriv'ing (thrīv'ĭng), growing strong and healthy
top'sy-tur'vy (tŏp'sĭ-tur'vĭ, *u* as in *turn*), upside down
tow'er-ing (tou'ĕr-ĭng), rising
train (trān), teach
trolls (trōlz), queer little men like dwarfs
trou'ble-some (trŭb''l-sŭm), making trouble
trudged (trŭjd), walked with hard work

U

un-clasped' (ŭn-klaspt', *a* as in *ask*), opened

V

vain (vān), proud; **in vain,** without your seeing them
vel'vet-y (vĕl'vĕt-ĭ), soft as velvet

W

wad'dled (wŏd''ld), walked in a clumsy manner
wan'der (wŏn'dĕr), walk about
war'rior (wor'yĕr, *o* as in *or*), fighter
waste (wāst), a place where there are only wild animals
whirl (hwurl, *u* as in *turn*), move round and round quickly
wide-brimmed (wīd-brĭmd), with wide rim
wig'wam (wĭg'wom, *o* as in *or*), an Indian tent
wisp (wĭsp), a small bunch
witch-salve (wĭch-sav, *a* as in *arm*), magic paste
wor'ship (wur'shĭp, *u* as in *turn*), to say prayers to
wreath (rēth), circle, chain

Y

yon'der (yŏn'dĕr), over there; that
Your High'ness (hī'nĕs), words used in speaking to a prince or other noble person
Your Maj'es-ty (măj'ĕs-tĭ), words used in speaking to a king or queen



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